

CANARY BIRDS.

BY HENRY WILSON.

THE canary birds now kept and reared throughout the whole of Europe and America, were originally natives of the Canary Islands. There they are still found in pleasant vallies, and on the delightful banks of sparkling rills and small streams. But for some two hundred years they have been bred in Europe.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, a ship was wrecked on the coast of Italy, which, in addition to merchandize, had a multitude of canaries on board. These birds, thus obtaining their liberty, flew to the Island of Elba, the nearest land. There they found a propitious climate, and multiplied very rapidly. Had not man interposed, by hunting them for cage birds, until they were entirely extirpated, they would probably have naturalized themselves there.

In Italy were found the first tame canaries, and there they are still raised in vast numbers. Within the last hundred years they were so uncommon and expensive, that only princes and people of great wealth could keep them. But at the present day these birds are raised in all our cities, and most of the towns, and sold at moderate prices.

In its native island the plumage of the canary bird is said to be more beautiful than that of our tame ones; but its song is less melodious and varied, consisting of fewer notes, and uttered at longer intervals. The original color of this bird in its wild state was grey, merging into green beneath; but by domestication and climate it has been so changed that canaries may now be seen of almost every hue.

Most commonly they are of some shade of yellow; but some are grey, others white, some are reddish brown, or chesnut colored, others are beautifully shaded with green. These are the prevailing colors, but they are blended in various combinations, and thus present every degree of shade. Those the most prized exhibit the most regularly these various shades.

The one most generally admired, at present, is yellow or white upon its body, and of a dun yellow color, on the wings, head, and tail. Next in degree of beauty is that which is of a golden yellow, with black, blue, or blackish grey head, and similar wings and tails. There are also grey ones, with yellow heads, or with a ring about the

neck; and white ones, with a yellow breast, and white head and tail. Those which are more irregularly marked, are less esteemed.

The canary bird is five inches in length, of which the tail comprises two inches and a quarter. Sometimes the female is not easily distinguished from the male; but the latter has generally deeper and brighter colors, the head is rather thicker, the body is more slender throughout, and the temples and space around the eyes are always of a brighter yellow than the rest of the body.

In selecting a bird, those are best which stand upright on the perch, appear bold and lively, and are not frightened at every noise they hear, or everything they see. If its eyes are bright and cheerful, it is a sign of health; but if it keeps its head under the wing, it is drooping and sickly.

Its song should also be particularly noticed, for there is much difference in this respect. But as it often depends on the peculiar taste of the purchaser, no directions can be given for its application. In respect to the notes of these birds, there is much difference. Some of them have very fine notes, but if the song is not fine, they can be educated, by being placed with another, which is a good singer.

They catch the notes of other kindred songsters with considerable facility; hence, among the best singers, there is a material difference in the song, which depends mainly on the bird with which they have been educated. In some countries the nightingale is employed as a master musician to a whole flock of canaries; and it is this which gives some foreign birds a different tone of voice from those bred in this country.

In teaching the canary bird to sing, it is usual to take him from his comrades, and place him in a cage alone. This is covered with a cloth, when a short, simple air is whistled to him, or played on a flute, or a small organ. In this manner, by repeating the tune five or six times each day, especially mornings and evenings, he will learn to sing it. But it will frequently require five or six months before he will retain the whole tune.

Canary birds some times hatch their young every month in the year; but more commonly they breed only in the spring, summer, and fall months. After the young birds are hatched, the old ones are fed with soft food such as cabbage,

lettuce, chick-weed; also with eggs boiled hard, and minced very fine with some dried roll, or bread containing no salt, which has been soaked in water, and the water pressed out. Rape-seed, or the seed of the turnip, is much used for their food.

Up to the twelfth day the young birds remain almost naked, and require to be covered by the

female; but after the thirteenth, they will feed themselves. When they are a month old they may be removed from the breeding-cage.

It is a curious fact, that, when two females are with one male in the same cage, and one female dies, the other, if she has not already sat, will hatch the eggs laid by her co-mate; and rear the young as her own.

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

"PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you."

Such an invitation one is apt to get from friends, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of chickens, end in disappointment; and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in the world who think everything is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French-horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Brown, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a segment of cheese, understood to be more than excellent. But so it was that we had taken a visiting humor, and forth we must go. Five minutes saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog in-

vited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly, on such an occasion, the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we had nearly entered the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if anybody was at home. The servant-girl, surprised by the confidence of our entree, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room, clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of *Æolus* in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Brown entered with a hurried, surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr. Brown—he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavoring, by the advice of Dr. Bonk, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him, when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Brown, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments, and condolences, and

"hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last closing after us with a noise which seemed to say: "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time, we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold, inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home with our object unaccomplished, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. "Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there are the Jacksons! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them? I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come if we liked, and *when* we liked." Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant-girl, so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entree. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give some people particular invitations. Our object was now to make an honorable retreat; for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we should be asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and, to her own misfortune, caught a glimpse of us. "Oh,

Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come. We have just a few friends with us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room, and take off your bonnet; and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing room; you'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you," &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of speciality in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, we should take care to trouble her no more. And so off we came, with complimentary language upon our tongues, but by no means conformable feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—once again. What was to be done now? "Why," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they drank tea with us in spring?) that I think we cannot do better than pop in upon them."

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in — street. Thither we proceeded, with a hope, undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we should meet friends ready to receive us in the manner we had been led to expect. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles' hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within; and when the servant appeared, I observed, in the dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others, again, crossing in the opposite direction; and then there was heard a low, anxious whispering, while a single disheveled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs. Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly

opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to anybody at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say: "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them a gadding to-night? I suppose we must ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary, accordingly, came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had had enough, however, of the Smileses. We saw we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them to trouble at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*These Balderstones!*" My wife, therefore, represented that we had only called upon our return from a walk, and without intending to stay. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and cheese which lay in our larder, and, picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlor fireside, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Others accept and act upon them, at the risk of either troubling their hosts very much, or receiving a very sorry entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest, who has come on the faith of one of these delusive, roving invitations, often disorganizes the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be an unusually wise virgin, fortified with scores of those invaluable articles which can be made ready at any time, she can scarcely fail to be reduced to the most awkward dilemma. Or you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own, and when, of course, your visit will be productive of the greatest inconvenience.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give a definite invitation at once: a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. On the other hand, I would advise all my friends to turn a deaf ear, if they be wise, to *general invitations*: they are nets spread out to ensnare their comfort.

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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VII.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE drive to Mrs. Rawlson's passed in silence. Manderson was occupied with his reflections, which partook a good deal of remorse. Clara, piqued at having been left alone so long, and at her partner neglecting to apologize for it, pouted behind her veil. It was thus that nothing was said by either until Manderson handed Clara out, and then his adieu was said so abstractedly, that the lady answered shortly, and went straight to her room, sullen and angry, without waiting even to see the sleigh drive off.

Alas! poor Clara. Had she been less susceptible, or less selfish, she would not now have been unhappy. But unfortunately she had just heart enough to appreciate Manderson's noble qualities, without sufficient to make her overlook his neglect in consideration of its cause. Perhaps, if she had never been corrupted by a frivolous education, it might have been different. But, fashionably and selfishly brought up as she was, it seemed to her as it had to Elwood, though in a less degree, that the running down a shabbily dressed pedestrian, was of comparatively little importance; and consequently to be neglected for such a person touched her pride in its tenderest point.

But Manderson did not even notice her pique, so occupied was he with self-reproach. He drove swiftly back to the drug-store, eager to ascertain if Mr. Forester was no worse. His relief was indescribable, when he found the old man sitting up, and declaring himself as well as ever, with the exception of a few slight bruises.

To Manderson's regrets and apologies Mr. Forester answered kindly,

"You blame yourself unjustly, sir. I have a distinct recollection of the whole affair, and will do you the justice to say that, when I looked around, I saw you checking your horse. It was the other that ran over me. Perhaps I was more to blame than him, after all," he added, charitably, "for I suppose I ought to have looked up and down the street, before attempting to

cross. But we country folk are not used to city ways."

A spectator here indignantly repudiated the charitable idea, and said that the aggressor was well known, and that it would be but right for Mr. Forester to take the law of him. "I will testify, for one," he said. "The rascal should be made an example of; he actually shouted to urge his horse faster."

"I am an old man," replied Mr. Forester, mildly, rising as he spoke, "and wish to live in peace with my fellow men, for the rest of my days. If the young gentleman has done me harm, I freely forgive him: to sue him would not mend my bruises, or alter his character. But I must be going. Thanks for your kindness, sir, and you, and you," he said, addressing the apothecary, physician, and Manderson.

"But you are not going to walk. No, no, that will never do," cried the latter, taking his arm. "Let me, at least, make what amends I can, by driving you home, and securing you against a repetition of such accidents."

"I should look sharper, next time," answered the old man, laughing. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

In spite of Mr. Forester's remonstrances, Manderson insisted in his purpose. A rapid drive soon brought the sleigh to the designated residence, which proved to be a boarding-house, situated in one of the fourth-rate streets of the city.

The appearance of so elegant an equipage in that unfashionable thoroughfare, was hailed with a hurrah by some idle boys, who were making snow-balls in the gutter. To one of these lads Manderson handed the reins, and tenderly assisted the old man out. The unusual sight attracted the inmates of the house to the windows, and the door was opened, in consequence, before Manderson had ascended the steps.

The landlady herself had been this impromptu porter, and she now led the way to the back parlor, asking a dozen questions in a breath, but in her blindest tones, for she plainly stood quite

in awe of Manderson. "What had happened?" she cried. "Was the good, dear man much hurt?" "Somebody ought to break it to Miss Julia."

But, at this instant, in the very midst of these exclamations, Julia herself came rushing down the staircase, her face full of alarm, for she had heard a vague rumor that her father had been hurt, and was brought home almost dead.

Manderson was startled at the extraordinary beauty of this apparition. We have said, in an earlier chapter, that Julia's face was peculiarly adapted to express the deeper and loftier emotions; and as she now flew toward them, love, fear, hope, suspense, and lastly joy unutterable alternated on her speaking countenance.

At the door of the room the father and daughter met. Mr. Forester, when he saw his child, stopped, and withdrawing himself from Manderson's support, extended his arms to Julia. She darted into them, clasped his venerable form wildly to her, then suddenly pushed him away again as if to see whether he was really alive, and finally letting her head drop on his shoulder, burst into a passion of sobs, all this time totally unconscious that a stranger was present.

"Oh! you are safe, you are unhurt," she cried. "I heard you were dead. Dear, dear father!" And she strained him convulsively to her.

The old man returned her caress, tears coming into his aged eyes. But after a while he said,

"But, Julia, you have forgotten to thank this gentleman, who kindly brought me home. Can't you find a chair for him?"

Julia lifted her face, and recognizing a stranger, her confusion was, for a moment, excessive. The blush that mantled her face, dyed even her shapely neck, and extended to the tips of her slender fingers. But, with that consummate ease and dignity which was a part of her nature, and which fitted her as admirably as if she had been born a princess, she promptly rallied, and curtesying gracefully to Manderson, led the way into the apartment.

When Manderson saw how eloquently the eyes of Julia thanked him, he was almost tempted to allow her to remain in her delusion, and to fancy still that he had saved, not jeopardized her father's life. But truth was dearer to him than even the gratitude of those bright eyes. He disclaimed, therefore, the merit which Mr. Forester had awarded to him, and told Julia how his thoughtlessness and folly had really led to the accident.

For a moment the beautiful girl regarded him with looks of almost reproach. But the instant after her face cleared up, and she said frankly, and with a sunny smile,

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"I cannot believe, sir, that one who censures himself so freely can have intentionally done wrong." Then, as she caught Manderson's gratified air, she colored as if she had said more than was perhaps required, and averted her countenance hastily, turning to see if her father was much fatigued.

Manderson was too well bred to remain long, so, after a few further words, directed to Mr. Forester, but really intended for Julia, he took his departure. All the way home that bright, speaking face haunted him. He forgot, for the time, that such a person as Clara existed. He detected himself continually recalling the tones of Julia's voice, the grace of her movements, and her air so noble, yet so sweetly feminine. Even when, with an impatient "pshaw," he had dismissed these reflections as puerile, remembering that he had seen the young lady only once, and but for a few moments at that, they returned almost immediately, so that he found himself waking at last from a new reverie about the beautiful face and indescribable witchery of Miss Forester.

"What can she ever be to me?" he said, finally. "She is poor, and I have my fortune to make: a pretty pair of fools we would be to marry. I must forget her, or faith! I shall be in love."

He took up a book, for he was sitting in his study while he thus soliloquized; but after reading half a page his thoughts wandered back again to Julia.

"I talk as if I had but to ask her, and she would be mine, puppy that I am," he said, with a slight sneer at himself. "She looks like a woman that would have to be wooed heartily, and that would condescend in yielding, even if a king was the suitor. What a magnificently proud air she has! I wonder what her history is. She is no ordinary farmer's daughter, that is clear both from her own demeanor and her father's. Ah! Charles Manderson," he suddenly exclaimed, apostrophizing himself, and springing up, "you are a born lunatic to be dreaming this way of a girl, without a penny, when you ought to be either making the law your sole mistress, or else marrying an heiress. And that recalls Clara. I'll go and see her," he cried, with sudden animation, "she may, perhaps, cure me."

But the medicine, he thus sagely proposed to himself, failed altogether. He could not help mentally contrasting Julia and her, all the evening. Before this Clara had seemed a pleasant, though not brilliant companion. Now she appeared positively insipid. The slightest looks and words of Miss Forester, as he recalled them in memory, were full of character, while those of

Clara seemed so excessively common-place, that he wondered he had ever thought them otherwise.

For nearly a week Manderson resisted the temptation to call on the Foresters again. He would have gone there, long before, if it had not been for Julia, and for the boyish weakness, as he called it to himself, which made him so eager to see her. But at last he could hold out no longer, and under the pretence of inquiry after Mr. Forester's health, he drove to the boarding-house.

Neither the father nor daughter, however, were in, and Manderson came away vexed; and vowing, though none but himself could have told why, that he would never trouble himself about the Forester's again. Yet, in less than a week, he was there again. This time he saw the father, who welcomed him heartily. But Julia did not make her appearance, and on his venturing finally to inquire directly after her, Mr. Forester regretted that she was out. Again Manderson was secretly angry that he had called. Yet again, after a due interval, he paid the Foresters a third visit, on which occasion he met the father once more, but not the daughter.

All this heightened his interest in her. He now thought of Julia almost continually, having nearly lost the power to do otherwise. Very little was the law he learned during those closing weeks of winter, but many was the delicious reverie into which he fell over his grate-fire, with a dry law-book in his hand, reveries in which he dreamed of a quiet home, with a certain graceful form moving about, and in which he forgot, for the time, the ugly fact that he was a poor man for his station in life, and that such a home, with a portionless wife, was consequently impossible.

VIII.—JULIA.

But it is time now to explain how the Foresters came to remove to Philadelphia.

Arriving in the village, after his expulsion from the farm, Mr. Forester took up his abode at the public house. Here he designed, at first, to wait until his property was sold. But he soon discovered that there would be no surplus left, and as he was without means even to pay his board, and had too high a sense of dignity to accept aid, it became necessary to determine immediately what could be done.

In this crisis, as in the former one, Julia took the burden on her own shoulders.

"We must go to Philadelphia," she said. "I can there, I am sure, find something to do, by which we can live. Here there is no resource for me but a menial situation, which will both

separate me from you, and deprive me of the power of assisting you. While I am young, and feel myself full of energy, I cannot submit to this. In a great city there is a field for bold hearts and ready hands. Here there is none."

But when Julia, arriving in town, saw the cheap boarding-house to which they had been recommended, and began to experience the difficulty of a stranger obtaining employment, she almost at times regretted the step she had taken. Greasy carpets, dingy rooms, scanty fare, and vulgar society soon disgusted her with this new abode. But alas! there was no escape from it, until she could obtain a place. And when she went abroad, to seek this, cold denials, or heartless suspicions attended her continually. Few persons of her age had more practical sense than Julia, but with it all she had entirely overlooked the fact, that though a great city has more avenues to employment than a rural district, it has also more candidates for work. However she maintained a cheerful front, at least in the presence of her father; and economized carefully the little store of money, which she had obtained by the sale of a few trinkets, and other things belonging to herself, saved from the general wreck.

At last her perseverance was crowned with partial success. A few days after the accident to her father, she obtained a situation in a store, for in Philadelphia this avenue to employment, in addition to the ordinary ones, is open to females. The salary, however, was small, for she was, as the shop-keeper said, "only a beginner." So all thoughts of removing to a better boarding-house had to be abandoned.

Nevertheless Julia did not repine. Cheerful by disposition, and contented from principle, she went through the duties of her new position as if she had never had other and brighter prospects. She was among the first in the morning at that great store, and one of the last to leave it. Before she had been there a week her graceful manners, her quick apprehension of character, and the rapidity with which she acquired the knowledge necessary in the business, convinced her sagacious employer that, in his new saleswoman, he had made a valuable acquisition. As he was a just man he determined to advance her as soon as possible, and meantime gave public and almost daily evidence of his approbation.

Yet though sustained by conscious rectitude, as well as thus cheered by the prospect of success, Julia found much that was distasteful in her new situation, and often longed for escape. Accustomed to the privacy of home, the notoriety of standing all day, in a public store, annoyed

her. Proud as the proudest, and conscious that she was not without just cause for pride, it frequently called the indignant blood to her cheek to be superciliously, and sometimes even insolently addressed, by vulgar, but rich customers. Occasionally she had a worse ordeal still to undergo. It was when rude fops, acting the cavaliers to fashionable lady-shoppers, would lounge over the counter, pretending to chat with their fair partners, that they might stare the easier at her. All this she had to submit to, for it was one of the necessities of her position and her beauty; but she often wished she was a man, to punish such impertinence.

One day, after she had been engaged at the store about a month, whom should she see languidly sauntering up it, but her old schoolmate, Clara Owens. Years had passed since the two had met, and Julia wondered, for a moment, if she would be recognized. It was only for a moment. She soon remembered how difference of fortune obliterated old friendships, and prepared herself meekly to wait on Clara, as the latter stopped in front of her. Yet, in spite of her strength of character, she was a little nervous, as she felt the eyes of her former playfellow fall on her; and her hands trembled, notwithstanding all she could do, as she smoothed and folded the piece of silk she was arranging. Her nervousness soon disappeared in a sensation of outraged dignity, however, when Clara, raising a gold eye-glass, deliberately surveyed her, evidently conscious who she was, and then in a tone of haughty indifference asked to see some dress-patterns.

To do Clara justice she was not without some excuse for this, at least according to her own way of thinking. We have seen how piqued she had been at Manderson on the conclusion of the sleigh-ride. Since then she had received, as she believed, additional cause for anger. One or two chance expressions dropped by Manderson at different times, followed by questions which she had adroitly put on other occasions, had revealed to her that the old pauper who had been run over, as she persisted in calling him, had a daughter, and that Manderson had seen, and was interested in this daughter. Clara had also discovered who this rival was, and where Julia was employed. This last fact she had just learned, and her present visit to the store was less to make purchases, than to see and triumph over her rival. She had no difficulty in recognizing Julia even without the aid of the eye-glass. The use of the latter was a feminine bit of torture, which Clara instinctively adopted, with that petty malice natural to characters like her own.

"Have you nothing better than these," she said, after Julia had produced piece after piece of the richest silks, "really, Miss, you have neither taste yourself, nor know what sort of silks I am in the habit of wearing. Have you nothing costlier?"

Clara supposed that no one but her victim heard this speech. But a gentleman, who was advancing up the store, with an elderly lady on his arm, had listened to every word of it, and thought it equally unfeeling and vulgar. Suddenly Clara noticed that Julia started, colored, and curtsied. But whether the embarrassment was painful, or otherwise, the heiress was puzzled to tell. After a surprised stare at Julia, Miss Owens turned coolly around, to see the cause of this emotion, and confronted, to her amazement, Mrs. Manderson and her son.

"You here, my dear Miss Owens," and "how delighted," were the mutual exclamations of the two ladies, Clara curtsying even lower than Julia had done. Mrs. Manderson returned the salutation with equal eagerness. But her son bowed coldly and even haughtily.

Julia did not see this, however, for a momentary feeling of mortification caused her to drop her eyes, and when the transient weakness passed, and she looked up again, Manderson was replying to a question of his mother, with the same pleasant, intelligent smile which had impressed her so much in their one short interview. The next moment, on his mother turning to address Clara, Manderson approached the counter, and with an easy, well-bred air, as if doing the most ordinary thing in the world, inquired after Mr. Forester, and civilly hoped that Julia herself was well. There was nothing but the merest common-place in the words, yet the way in which they were said gratified Julia beyond description. She would have given much for liberty to take a hearty cry; she felt that she had been overtasked; and her heart, as it was, swelled big in her throat.

It was all done and over in a minute; and Manderson, with a smile and nod, drew back; but not before both his mother and Clara, noticing it, had stopped conversing, annoyed. The heiress darted a jealous, angry glance at Julia, which revealed to the latter the state of Clara's heart, which she would otherwise never have suspected. More, however, she did not even yet suspect. For Julia, though struck by Manderson's noble bearing, had not ventured to think of him again, and had really been surprised at his recognition of her. She knew how wide a gulf separated them socially, and the idea of his loving her had never, therefore, presented itself to her. Nor did

it, even now, find lodgment in her mind. The only interpretation she gave to Clara's look was that an all-engrossing affection had made the heiress absurdly suspicious. Yet Julia was not so perfect (what woman could have been?) but what she saw with secret pleasure that she had given pain to Clara, who had just been so impatient to her; and when, after a few minutes of conversation, the two ladies moved off, something very like a smile of triumph passed, over Julia's face.

IX.—THE RESCUE.

ONCE or twice, during the succeeding week, Julia saw Manderson in the store, on which occasion she always had a bow from him, and sometimes a few words also. His manner, at such times, was as deferential as if she had been a queen in disguise. Without even thinking of love, in connexion with him, she could not but feel gratification at these attentions from one like Manderson. But this was not to last.

One evening, walking home after her hours of attendance at the store were over, Julia suddenly found herself in the midst of one of those wild mobs, which alarms of fire in a great city frequently produce. The scene of the conflagration was on the street she was accustomed to traverse, and as the flames had broken out suddenly, the alarm, and the crowd that it gathered, were nearly simultaneous.

Unaccustomed to such spectacles she was equally astonished and terrified. The quick, sharp tones of the great fire-bell had no sooner begun than the streets were filled, as if by magic, with a tumultuous mob of men and boys, mostly workmen and apprentices in their shirt-sleeves. Some of these rushed at the top of their speed along the side-walk, so that whoever came in their path were jostled against, if not overthrown. Others assisted to drag the fire-engines over the rough carriage way, twenty, or even fifty catching hold of a long rope for this purpose, while a man at the head, who was generally distinguished by the uniform of the particular fire company, looked back continually, shouting through a hoarse trumpet.

Julia quickened her pace almost to a run, in hopes to reach the next corner before the mob overtook her. But it was in vain. Most of the houses being occupied as stores, or as work-shops for mechanics, every door poured forth its crowd of persons to swell the mass. In an instant, as it were, she was enveloped in the rush and whirl, powerless as a leaf caught up and hurried onward by an autumn gale.

The wild shouting, the tread of the thousand feet, and the thunder of the heavy fire-engines

as they rattled furiously along, filled her with momentary terror. Every moment she expected to be trodden down. She attempted, meantime, to gain the shelter of the wall, but to cross the tumultuous current of the excited crowd was beyond her strength. Jostled hither and thither, she was forced to give up at last, though only a few yards interposed between her and what was partial safety at least. For the first time in her life almost she felt alarm.

Her dilemma, meantime, increased momentarily. For now two fire-engines, whose feud even the strong arm of the law, though often put forward for the purpose, had been unable to suppress, came racing down the street side by side, each drawn by at least a hundred excited partizans, the huge machines clattering on their heavy wheels, which bounded rather than revolved. What with the wild whoops and shouts of mutual defiance, the trumpets, the rattling engines, the tramp of the vast mob, and the great fire-bell clanging angrier and angrier, as it seemed every minute, it was a scene to make even one accustomed to the city anxious, much less a stranger like Julia, who had never imagined that there could be anything like this outside of Pandemonium.

But the worst had not yet come. Suddenly the two fire-engines came into collision almost in front of Julia. The shock checked them instantaneously, jerking many of those at the ropes backward to the ground. In a moment a thousand curses rent the air, and the angry partizans, crowding around their engines, like hornets that swarm when their nest is assailed, a furious riot began. Missiles were promptly produced, a mere spectator could not see whence, but there they were, glancing in the twilight, clashing against each other, or thumping down with a dead, horrible sound, that told they had struck a human body. The eye could not follow the rapid involutions of this living vortex of enraged men, which rose and fell, advanced and receded, like the tide that boils, in a tempest, among the jagged rocks of an iron-bound coast.

With difficulty Julia retained her feet, for the crowd pressed on her continually, swaying her to and fro at its pleasure. Yet, though pale as death, and almost exhausted by her exertions to escape, not a cry had escaped her lips. At last, however, when fire-arms began to be used; when she heard the crack, and saw the flash of a pistol close by; she shrieked in terror. Almost instantly she recognized a voice not unknown to her, calling to her to be firm and self-possessed, and directly Manderson appeared, clearing a pathway to her, by main force.

"Make way, make way. Will you frighten a lady to death?" he cried, dashing aside one brawny workman after another. "Shame on you. Make way, I say!"

These last words were addressed to a stout fellow, who stood, with his back to Manderson, directly before Julia, and seemed disposed not to pay any attention to the expostulation. As the man still neglected to move, they were accompanied, the moment after, by a blow that sent him reeling away, breaking a lane in the mob by the impetus he had received.

Enraged beyond description, the ruffian turned, rushed back, and just as Manderson was about offering his arm to Julia, struck the young man a violent blow. A cry of shame immediately rose from the spectators, for Julia's terror was now observed by all, which had not been the case before, the suddenness of the riot, the confusion, and the excitement having united to render her overlooked. Even a mob is respectful to a woman, in America, when their attention is once directed toward her, and they see that she is alarmed. Manderson, therefore, from offering to assist her, had the sympathies of the bystanders. Two or three persons laid hands on his assailant immediately, to drag him away, the man struggling however violently, and swearing vengeance at Manderson.

The presence of Julia alone deterred the latter from taking the punishment of the ruffian into his own hands. Among the accomplishments of young men in his station, at that time, the art of boxing held a high place; and Manderson had acquired this science, and become even a proficient in it, though without expecting ever to be called on to use it. But now, for the first time in his life, he felt a desire to reduce it to practical use. The thought of Julia, however, and the knowledge of her anxiety to escape from this scene of uproar, checked the rising wish, and smiling contemptuously in answer to his adversary's oaths, he moved on, supporting Julia with one arm, while opening a way for her with the other.

But he was not permitted to exercise the moderation he intended. The ruffian, perceiving that Manderson was about to escape him, all at once made a desperate effort, in which he had concentrated his entire strength, and breaking from his captors, darted on the retreating young man, striking him a blow near the temples, that nearly felled him to the ground, and Julia with him. Then the ruffian, drawing back, presented his huge, knotted fists, that seemed knobs of some gnarled oak tree, and vociferously cried for Manderson to come on, calling him by every vile

epithet, and taunting him with his fine coat, which covered, he said, a coward. To crown all he made an insulting reference to Julia.

The blood of Manderson was now up. The bystanders would have held back the ruffian again, but as Manderson had managed, just as he was struck, to gain a store door, which now offered a temporary shelter to Julia, he pushed her into the open entrance, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, saying that he would join her in a moment, and turning to his assailant, bade him come on.

The resolute front with which, though slightly formed, he faced the big, burly bully before him, drew an involuntary cheer from the crowd. Most of the spectators, while they had their sympathies on Manderson's side, expected to see him terribly beaten; and several even expostulated loudly against the fight, as too unequal. But there were others who, as they gazed on the compact, well-proportioned person of the young man, and observed the easy attitude into which he threw himself, as one accustomed to self-defence, augured a different termination to the contest.

"Now, my bully," said Manderson, addressing the ruffian, who whether alarmed at the readiness which the young man showed, or frightened at the general outcry against himself, showed signs of holding back, "I'll show you that when a gentleman undertakes it, he can thrash a black-guard within an inch of his life. Here I am, and I'll not even take off my coat to you—come on!"

A laugh and a hurrah greeted this challenge, in the midst of which the ruffian, blind with rage, rushed at Manderson. He did not succeed even in touching the latter, who, quick as lightning, by a blow that few saw, so rapid was it, sent him flying backward as if shot from a sling. A hearty cheer, in which laughter again mingled, greeted this exploit. The bully gathered himself up speedily, however, and his fury being heightened by his disgrace, darted on Manderson more savagely than ever. But neither did he succeed this time in striking his antagonist. With a dexterous movement of one arm, Manderson threw up the intended blow, while with the other he struck full in the face of his opponent, the blood spouting from mouth and nostrils as the ruffian fell heavily backward.

"There, I think he has had enough," quietly said Manderson, turning down again his coat sleeves. "If the scoundrel isn't satisfied when he comes to, I'll give him another lesson, whenever he wants it."

With these words he made a slight inclination

of his head to the crowd, and entered the store, a loud huzza following him, for if there is any thing an American mob likes, it is to see courage and spirit triumph over merely brute force.

Calm and unruffled as if nothing had happened, Manderson appeared before Julia, who, conscious that he had just risked himself for her, blushed consciously. Nor could she, even in her secret heart, chide him, or think less of him, though she knew well the character of the strife he

had been engaged in. For the store-door had been only half closed, and there were those inside who had watched the fight, so that she had heard of every event as it occurred, and felt every fluctuation of the strife.

It was a new and strange sensation to her, the interest she took in that contest; and she felt inexpressibly grateful at Manderson, more grateful than she dared show.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CARRIAGE after carriage was rolling up and depositing gay groups at Mr. Carrol's door. Within, the brilliant lights, inspiriting music, and splendid dresses, made the hearts of the young beat faster, as they passed through the wide hall to the dressing-room. It was nine o'clock, and though unfashionably early, all the guests had assembled in the large drawing-room on the east side of the hall, whilst anxious eyes were occasionally turned to the parlor on the other side, whose door remained as tightly closed as the entrance to the cave of the Forty Thieves.

Presently a bell sounded, which was the "open sesame" of the room, and the parlor and part of the hall in almost total darkness, was seen. After the confusion of persons entering the room had somewhat subsided, the tinkle of a small bell was heard, and the green baize curtain across the farther end of the library rolled slowly up. An exclamation of surprise and pleasure, at the *tableau* before them, burst from the spectators.

The lights around the *tableau* frame were most ingeniously disposed, and revealed a beautiful girl in the regal dress of Mary of Scotland, extending her hand to one younger still, who with a youth of twenty was kneeling at her feet, as Roland Graeme and Catharine Seyton. Murmurs of applause passed around the room, and in a few moments the curtain fell.

Then came the haughty Elizabeth in the first flush of womanhood, before power and her cousin's rivalry had made her so unrelenting, listening to the impassioned vows of the gallant young Courtenaye. Then Rebecca, presenting her jewels to Rowena, with the drooping attitude, which said more forcibly than her words, "I will never wear jewels more." Then the young novice raising the white veil; Pickwick and Sam Weller; Edith Dombey and Carker; and then a fair penitent and her father confessor.

The gentleman who had played the part of confessor in the last *tableau* soon divested himself of the long white flowing hair and beard, and loose robe and beads, and as he was passing back of the scene to join the rest of the company, he thrust a letter into the hand of the young girl who was about stepping into the *tableau* frame. This was Honoria Carrol, the daughter of the host. With trembling hands she received the letter, and was about placing it in her bosom, when her brother, who raised the curtain and pronounced the subject of the *tableau*, with a mischievous glance at his sister, and a smothered laugh in his voice, called out, "The First Love Letter." Honoria was thunderstruck, for it was not at all the position she had intended assuming, but with admirable presence of mind she maintained her attitude, while a pleased smile and bright flush rose to her face, and made her look wonderfully lovely.

But the gentleman who had given Honoria the letter gazed upon the fair picture with astonishment and rage, which was not lessened by a conversation he overheard going on near him.

"How magnificently she looks in that crimson and gold lavender, with that dainty piece of lace just relieving her black hair," said a lady.

"Yes," replied another, "the dress was copied from a family portrait, which she is said to resemble very strongly. The original was a flirting dame of the court, a hundred years back, who broke hearts by the dozens, and then laughed at her victims, till she was caught in her own toils by some young gallant, who trifled with her, married another, and she died of a broken heart."

"I am afraid the resemblance extends to more than the person then," said the first speaker, a sour old maid, "for this same Honoria Carrol is the greatest flirt I ever knew. She cares for

nothing, I verily believe, but admiration and conquest, no matter at what expense."

"Was not that Mr. Clayton who did the confessor in the *tableau* just before Honoria?" asked the other, "I believe he is very attentive to her—some say engaged."

"I pity him if it is so," was the reply, "for she will never marry him, though it may please her to keep him dangling after her for a while, without a promise, or if she makes one, she is smart enough to find a good pretext for breaking the engagement."

Frederic Clayton listened and was convinced. For weeks he had been endeavoring to see Honoria alone, but she had always evaded the interview, as he now thought purposely, so he had resolved to write to her and declare his love; but her public exhibition of his letter, which, ignorant of the truth, he believed was done to wound him, irritated him beyond words.

Several *tableaux* had yet to be presented, and all this time Clayton was "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At length, when the last scene was over, he saw Honoria enter the room still in the same dress in which she had appeared in the *tableau*. There was the same triumphant light in her eye, and the same smile on her lip as before, but she evidently avoided him.

Clayton approached, complimented her on her appearance, and said that as he did not think the attitude which she had purposed assuming was graceful, he had given her the letter in order that a natural expression might be called up to her face, even if it had been an indignant one.

Honoria's lips grew white, but still they smiled, and her eyes sparkled with something more than triumph as she answered gaily,

"Well, don't you think it was well done? Those careless attitudes are so much more graceful than studied ones. But I am glad you have explained that letter. I could not understand it, and I did not, for a moment, suppose you would *presume* to address me seriously in such a manner. You wrote you had reason to hope your love was returned, which was rather too much, as I had never given you cause to believe that I was doing more than amusing myself with you."

As she thus spoke, with a flushed face, she moved away, muttering to herself, "well, I have turned the tables upon him, I think."

Throughout the whole evening, Honoria mingled among the guests in her father's splendid parlors, with gay words and jests, and a self-possession which made Clayton again and again murmur, "she's thoroughly heartless."

But none heard, when she retired for the night,

the groan which now and then rose through her closed lips, nor saw the blanched face and lustreless eyes, over which the heavy lids seemed to close in quivering agony.

The cold winter months passed on, and Honoria Carrol was called as great a coquette as ever. In all the gayest scenes of that season she was pre-eminent for her beauty, her wit, and her fascinating manners. She met Clayton constantly in company, with the same bright smile and passing jest as she had always done; but there were no more duetts together, no more wanderings in the conservatory away from the glare of the ball-room, no more appointments for the next day's ride or promenade.

By the spring time rumors of Clayton's engagement to a pretty Southern girl were abroad, and whatever hope Honoria may have had that there had been some mysterious misunderstanding on the night of the *tableau* party, died away as time seemed to confirm the report.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol now became really anxious about their daughter. The mother was too much a woman of the world for Honoria to confide in, for though in a prosperous love she would have been a most sympathizing friend, in the present case her daughter knew that anger and mortification would be her predominant feeling.

But Honoria had lost her color, her appetite, and her spirits. "The effect of the unusually warm weather," said the mother. "Too much dancing and hot suppers," said the father. So it was decided that they should leave town immediately, for the quiet of the country. There accordingly, they went, and remained till the really hot weather came on, when of course they could no longer rest in the cool of their own home, but like all the rest of the fashionable world, hurried off to Saratoga, there to polka, dress, and worry themselves out of color, appetite, and spirits again.

"I really think Honoria shall not dissipate so much another winter," said Mr. Carrol to his wife, one morning, after they had been at the Springs about a week; for he had seen, through the open door, his daughter throw herself listlessly on the lounge in her own room; "she seems no better than when we came here."

But in a few days the father had no cause for complaint. All his daughter's old spirits had revived; she danced and sung, and rode and flirted with as much zest as formerly. But why? Clayton had arrived with a party from the South, among whom was Miss Harrison, the young girl to whom rumor said he was engaged.

The "season" was drawing to a close, when a fancy ball was proposed, and many who were

just ready to take wing, determined to remain till it should be over. The important matter of dress for the occasion immediately began to be the theme of discussion. Honoria's diplomacy induced her to appear as friendly to Miss Harrison as possible, so going into her room one morning, she said,

"Mary, what do you intend to wear at this ball?"

"Oh," was the reply, "do help me to decide, Honoria, you have so much taste. I have thought of a nun, or a peasant girl, or a dozen other costumes, and I really believe I shall end by being Lady Washington."

"My dear lamb, not one of those things will answer; you are too gay for a nun, too graceful for a thick shod peasant girl, and not half dignified enough for good Lady Washington," replied Honoria, laughing.

"Well, it seems from your statement that I am just suitable for nothing at all," said Mary, rather petulantly.

"Oh, yes," answered Honoria, "I am going as 'night,' and I want you to appear as 'morning,' if you will, the dresses will be so unique; I am sure there will not be another in the room like them, besides one will not be obliged then to support a character, you know; at least by talking."

Miss Harrison gave a delighted assent, and set about busily preparing her costume, the style of which the two girls had decided should be kept secret till they made their appearance in the ball-room.

The night anticipated by so many eager hearts at length arrived. At an early hour, the ball-room was well filled, and Frederic Clayton stood by the door, waiting the entrance of the late comers.

Presently he saw Mr. Carrol, with his daughter and Mary Harrison on either arm, proceeding through the room, bowing to their friends, crowds parting before them, and murmurs of admiration and surprise at the wonderful beauty of the girls, following them.

Miss Harrison's dress was pink illusion, while a rose colored veil starred in silver was thrown over her head, and fastened just above the forehead by a large cluster of diamonds, whose brilliant light very well represented the rising sun. Her whole dress was so airy and graceful, and she so joyous, that she formed a striking contrast to her friend.

Honoria's style was more sombre. Her dress was of black illusion, worked with silver stars, and a black illusion veil, thickly covered with stars, was fastened on the top of her head by a

diamond crescent; whilst a large diamond star was placed on the front of her breast.

Mr. Carrol was soon immersed in the discussion of the "latest advices" with some brother merchants, and the girls were speedily joined by Frederic Clayton.

"Really," said he, laughing, as he gave an arm to each, "I suppose I should have come in yellow, as noon; but indeed, ladies, my complexion wouldn't stand it."

"Or in grey, as twilight," answered Honoria, "but that is so grave and quiet, that I suppose it would not suit a gentleman of your mercurial temperament."

"Oh no, that was not the reason," was the reply, "but in that character I must have been merged entirely into 'morning' or 'night,' and indeed I should not have known which to have chosen."

"Day, unquestionably," said Honoria, "it is so fair and open, you know."

"That's true," answered Clayton, "I do not like the mystery of night, now veiling itself behind clouds, and now bewitching one with its wonderful, mysterious beauty."

"And then dame moon is so changeable, that one does not see her often under the same aspect," retorted Honoria, "but a word in your ear, fair sir, the day after belies the promise of the morning."

Mary Harrison had listened to this conversation, but taken no part in it. It was like Hebrew to her, but she felt that there was an half-hidden bitterness under the playful manner and light words of her companions, but just then a young knight, all waving plumes and velvet and lace, approached the beautiful Aurora, and whirled her off in a waltz as if he had the wings of the flying Mercury in his heels.

"How lovely she is," said Honoria to Clayton, as the two stood watching the retreating figure, while the rose-colored dress and veil seemed to envelope her in airy clouds, "really, your *penchant* for 'morning' is perfectly natural."

Frederic Clayton looked steadily into the dark eyes raised to his as he replied, "I think I rather prefer the night after all, one soon gets accustomed to its coquettish changes, you know."

"Do they?" was the half absent reply. "But, Mr. Clayton, will you not try to find me, and say that I have retired, the heat of the night, and these crowded rooms makes me feel very faint."

"I will find your mother after I have seen you up stairs, Miss Carrol," answered Clayton, hurriedly; "how white you look," and he attempted to lead her up the staircase.

"Bring me a glass of water," he said, to a

servant, who was lounging on the steps looking in at the revellers, but before they had reached the first landing, Honoria fell heavily against him. Clayton threw his arm around her waist, and carried her to the passage way; and as the servant was unusually long doing his errand, as servants always are who should hurry, we judge that the gentleman found other remedies successful in reviving the lady, for when she took the glass with a trembling hand, and attempted to rise, she said,

“Really, Mr. Clayton, you have a most peculiar mode of calling a natural expression to

one's face; but I felt very faint just now, and suppose I required so unheard of a remedy.”

“Miss Carrol, will you not hear me for a moment, and then forgive me, if you can”—but a gay burst of music from below made the rest of the sentence audible only to the fair listener, though we judge that she fully heard all that was said, as before that time the next summer, Honoria Carrol had become Mrs. Clayton, and both she and her husband must have been fully satisfied with each other's explanation of “THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.”

AN UMBRELLA STORY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

RAIN, rain, rain! Would it never stop? For days, for weeks, for *months* almost, there had been a continual pouring; a small patch of blue sky, and a slight gleam of sunshine, like a delusive ignis fatuus, would bring people out, as it seems, for the express purpose of being drenched through. Even Peter Rugg, with his everlasting horse and gig, must now be discouraged from his round; and it only needed Mount Ararat and the ark to make a second edition of the deluge complete.

It was amusing, to those who were safely housed, to sit at their windows and watch those who were fated to struggle with the dripping element; but never, perhaps, was the memorable speech of the frogs more completely shadowed forth in human type, than in the countenances of those unfortunates whose patience was trebly assailed by perverse umbrellas, an unrequested shower-bath, and smiles on faces that were only protected from the same evils by a pane of glass—surely, their ill-temper should have been forgiven them!

The swarm of locusts in ancient Egypt was nothing to the swarm of umbrellas that darkened the streets; and, like most other things unaccustomed to license, they took advantage of the circumstance. They became entangled together—they made desperate attacks upon the eyes of pedestrians—they wrenched themselves from the hands of their owners—they did everything, but keep off the rain. The moment that the drops began to fall a sudden eruption of umbrellas ensued, as though they had come down with the rain, or been thrown up from the bowels of the earth; and every man, woman, and child, was travelling under a black shed whose advent was certainly a triumph over mushrooms.

Moses Geldthorp was an old bachelor; one of those unfortunate beings who are the victims of designing landladies—the prey of thievish servants—and shuttle-cocks to the world in general. Why don't somebody institute a revolt in their favor? Why can they not be allowed to pursue the tenor of their own way, whether even or not? Even if their inclinations should lead them to adopt Mrs. Chick's suggestion, and walk on the ceiling like the flies—provided, of course, that the persons of those below were insured from

accident. Such were the reflections in which Moses indulged, quite in a good-natured way; and he had fallen into the habit of asking himself questions without expecting any answers.

Still, he was by no means ungrateful for blessings; one of these was a landlady with whom he had boarded for years, and here Moses found himself so tenderly cared-for, and all his possessions in such excellent order, that, not being initiated into the mysteries of machinery by which it was accomplished, he adopted the current impression among the sex that “*man* wants but little here below.” All he can get may be *little*, but he wants it, nevertheless.

Moses was the possessor of an independent property; and having distinguished his youth by receiving this bequest from a relative, he was now content to repose upon his laurels, and under the shade of Mrs. Elmfield's vine and fig-tree. In early youth, Moses had been distinguished for a good-natured drollery of manner, which rendered his society welcome in every circle that he frequented; and age and prosperity had not soured his temper. He was one of those easy, smiling gentlemen, who are always patting little children on the head, giving sixpences to ragged boys, assisting ladies in all sorts of dilemmas, and being taken in with the greatest good-nature. Moses could tell an excellent story—a more amusing and improbable one than any of Mrs. Elmfield's inmates; and while the elements were doing their best without, he was reigning within, the undisputed monarch of an eager circle of listeners.

The youngest boarder at Mrs. Elmfield's was Frank Ranger; and, although the two were sworn friends, never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than between him and Moses Geldthorp. Moses had been erected upon a most liberal scale—he always took up more room in an omnibus, and wore the largest coats in the house; while Frank Ranger, though tall, had a slight, elegant figure, and an expression that was half melancholy, and half proud. He was young, talented, and poor; he found himself in the unenviable position of a lawyer without clients; and to punish himself for this misfortune, he seemed resolved to find as little enjoyment in the world as possible.

Moses Goldthorp had tried in vain to own an umbrella. He was the very man to have it stolen from him, to lend it to a lady, and never receive it again, and to dispose of it in every possible way. Could the ghosts of all the umbrellas that have been borrowed or stolen from the good-natured bachelor but rise up together, what an assemblage they would make! What a confederacy of whalebone, silk and cotton! And oh! what tales could they unfold of toil, and wrong, and cruelty!

Moses had nearly spent a small fortune in umbrellas, between original purchases and rewards for their recovery, when he smilingly made the discovery that Fate had resolved upon his performing his pilgrimage through the world umbrella-less, at least umbrellas would not stay with him, but took to themselves wings and flew away. He received the conviction easily, as he did every other *contre-temps*, and resolved to do no more battle in behalf of umbrellas.

The most sensible thing, in a storm, next to carrying an umbrella oneself, is to select a friend who patronizes that useful article; and this Moses took care to do. Frank Ranger was the very person to manage an umbrella; his strength of character was equal to all its windings and turnings. With him it was a thing to have and to hold forevermore; and being rather given to tragedy, an attack upon his umbrella would, doubtless, have produced an outburst equal to that of Fitz James:

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

He *always* had an umbrella; his name, written in legible characters upon the handle, seemed to defy all who would endeavor to deprive him of his property; and Moses wondered in vain how he contrived to retain it. In stormy weather they sallied forth together; Frank carrying the umbrella, and his friend humbly content under its borrowed shelter.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten day, in that dreary catalogue of rain, when the sun had condescended to shine for two hours together, that the two friends went forth for an aimless stroll. Frank and his umbrella never parted company now-a-days; and although it didn't rain, it was best to be prepared for an emergency, so it was taken as usual; while Moses carried a heavy cane, which, he was convinced, gave him a very important look. They walked on; Frank moody and absorbed in his own thoughts—his companion effervescing with good-humor, and liberal of remarks upon all who passed.

Suddenly the air was darkened by a shower

of umbrellas—the stones were sprinkled with quickly falling drops—handkerchiefs were tied over new bonnets—and those who had no umbrellas took to their heels. Frank walked on with his umbrella closed—apparently unmindful of the rain; and Moses cared too little for causes and effects in general to be disturbed by it. His attention was soon attracted by two pretty-looking girls, in fresh, spring dresses, who were walking just in front, and seemed to be in great distress for their white bonnets. Never before had he so much regretted the slippery character of the umbrellas that had deserted him; and he was just upon the point of requesting Frank's, when that individual, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, gleamed toward the woe-begone damsels—dashed past him—and offered his arm and umbrella at the same time.

Moses' eyes were bent upon the pretty face of the inside one; there would be no harm done, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted; so, almost at the same moment, he sprang forward, and elevating his cane with an important air, said: "Allow me, Miss," as though it were an umbrella. The young lady took his arm in the style of a drowning man catching at a straw; and falling behind the other two, they travelled on at a rapid pace.

Moses preserved a grave countenance, which he found somewhat of a task under the circumstances; but his companion was constantly nestling closer, as though doubtful of receiving her share of the umbrella. She dodged the drops continually, and feared that Moses considered *his* hat of more consequence than *her's*. Moses, with great politeness, would make a meaningless show of inclining the imaginary umbrella over her head; and, for a few moments, she would appear satisfied. But then her restlessness again continued; and she seemed to avoid looking in the face of her companion. Not so Moses; he had improved his opportunity well, and found himself linked with about five feet two of graceful young ladyhood, blue eyes, and a face fair, and somewhat pensive.

Frank's charge had beaming, mischievous black eyes, and a round, roguish face, that seemed constantly on the look-out for a subject of merriment. She and Frank were talking in a low tone with all the ease of old acquaintances; and Moses resolved to punish him for not having mentioned this acquaintance to *him*.

Suddenly, the front couple looked around: the young lady glanced at her cousin, Moses, and the cane, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Frank followed her example; and the blue-eyed damsel, supposing her acceptance of

a stranger's arm the cause of their merriment, blushed in painful confusion. But her mischievous cousin was looking up at the cane—so was Frank—and, following the direction of their eyes, she too looked. She then glanced at Moses.

"Why, sir!" she exclaimed, in the greatest innocence, "your umbrella has no top to it!"

Her companion's gravity was completely upset.

"No, madam," said he, with a polite bow, "I am sorry to say that it never had any!"

The merriment of the others was almost uncontrollable; and although the white bonnet and lilac silk dress were now complete wrecks, a smile was soon dimpling the cheek of the pensive-looking damsel. Frank now performed a wonder of magnanimity; for, resigning his place beside his lady-love, he went back to Moses, and the two cousins proceeded together with the umbrella. A thousand apologies were made for his remissness—a thousand pardons begged by the penitent Moses—and he was informed that the blue-eyed young lady was Miss Bulder, and the other one, Miss Markton.

With much talking and laughing, they approached a handsome house, with white marble steps; and as the gentlemen declined an invitation to enter, the young ladies expressed their thanks, and bade them adieu. Moses could not help thinking, as he turned homeward, of the merry gleam in Annie Bulder's eye—it was somewhat ominous; he remembered that seemingly quiet people were often the deepest in mischief, after all.

"That was a beautiful performance of yours," said Frank, after an interval of silence, "I should think that Miss Bulder would never speak to you again."

"You really believe, then, that she is angry?" asked Moses, in some alarm.

"Angry?" replied his companion, "oh, no! certainly not—young ladies are particularly fond of having their new dresses spoiled. But what possessed you to do it? I concluded that you had borrowed an umbrella of some one."

"You mean," returned Moses, "that the small circumstance of our existence had entirely passed from your memory. As to the how I came to do it, why, I was so bewildered by a pair of blue eyes that I was unconscious of everything save an intense desire to walk beside the owner of those eyes, and have her arm in mine. She looked toward me beseechingly, and 'upon this hint I spoke.'"

"Well," observed Frank, "I do not envy you your position."

With this consoling remark he entered Mrs. Elmfield's door, and the friends separated. Poor

Moses! his dreams, that night, were haunted by the sweet face of Annie Bulder, turned into a fury, and holding up before him a discolored dress and dilapidated bonnet. What to do he didn't know; but, before long, he formed a plan of reparation, which, on account of its very wisdom, he resolved not impart to Frank until he could carry it out in perfection.

Moses became suddenly addicted to mysterious excursions; and, Frank, although somewhat puzzled, was too much engrossed by his own affairs to waste time in idle curiosity. But Moses was full of reproaches for his unfriendly secrecy; and at last drew from Frank the confession that he had been for some time engaged to Miss Markton—that she was as poor as himself—and that her cousin, Miss Bulder, was the aim of fortune-hunters of every grade.

"You don't mean to say, then, that I have fancied an heiress!" exclaimed Moses, in evident disappointment.

"I think it quite likely," replied Frank, with a smile, "but, don't be alarmed—perhaps she will not fancy you."

"That is just what I feared," said Moses, mournfully, "I thought it barely possible that a young, pretty girl, as poor even as a church-mouse, would not laugh at an offer from me—but an heiress, too! How unfortunate!"

"Miss Bulder should hear you," said Frank, "I do not wish to marry an heiress," he continued, "neither do I mean to covet; but if Miss Bulder's uncle had been *my* uncle, and made *me* his heir, I should feel better satisfied."

Moses smiled at the distinction; and now, that he was aware of Frank's fresh difficulties, his generous heart set about some mode of improvement, but it seemed difficult to decide upon any thing that might not wound the young gentleman's pride. A large sum of money in a blank envelope suggested itself, but Frank would certainly guess *him*; and he remained in a perfect fever of restlessness. Frank was somewhat surprised that his invitation to call upon the young ladies should be declined; but Moses looked mysterious, and said something about not being ready, and he was obliged to go alone.

He was still more surprised when his friend, with great secrecy, conducted him into his apartment, and opening a bureau-drawer, displayed to his astonished eyes a very gaudy silk dress, and a massive bracelet.

"What *does* this mean?" inquired Frank.

"For Miss Bulder," said Moses, pointing to the slip of paper on the dress, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "I couldn't manage to find a bonnet," he continued, "the

milliners all looked so quizzical when I entered their shops—but this bracelet is worth more than twenty bonnets. Don't you think she will like them?"

Moses regarded his purchases with an admiring eye; but Frank, who was rather more experienced in worldly matters, indulged, much to his companion's astonishment, in a hearty fit of laughter. It was so like Moses; the dress was exactly such a one as he might be expected to select, or any other unfortunate masculine left to the tender mercies of dry-good clerks.

"Don't you know," said Frank, when he had recovered his gravity, "that you are only making matters worse by this magnificent expenditure? Were you to send these things, you would never find Miss Bulder at home—call as often as you might."

Moses' face, which had hitherto worn an expression of rapturous satisfaction, began to look cloudy.

"What shall I do with them?" said he, in a doleful tone.

"As to the dress," replied Frank, with rather a contemptuous glance at the resplendent fabric, "I advise you to present that to Susan, as a reward for keeping your room in such excellent order; the bracelet you had better lay aside, and see what turns up."

Poor Moses! It was without a fraction of the Micawber faith in "turning up" that he mournfully replaced the bracelet amid its folds of cotton, and locked it in his private drawer. Susan's eyes were delighted with the silk dress, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and she thought Mr. Geldthorp the very nicest gentleman that she had ever seen. Moses little imagined, during his industrious perambulations around the city, that he was exercising his taste and feet to gratify the chambermaid; but his accommodating temper, having failed of the height to which he aspired, became contented with the little.

Frank introduced his friend, trembling and agitated, into the presence of the pretty cousins; and, embarrassed by the recollections of their former meeting, Moses appeared very much like an overgrown Toots. Some wise person has observed that your really *good* man is the most diffident being in creation; and it was partly owing to his real superiority of heart that Moses Geldthorp found it so difficult to assert his own merits. Annie Bulder kindly endeavored to relieve his confusion; and Moses soon made the discovery that she was no ordinary girl, and wondered what Frank saw to admire so much in "that giggling Miss Markton."

From that day the two were constantly at the

house. The other boarders laughed; they called them the Siamese twins, and wondered if they always hunted in couples; but Moses was too happy to care—and as to Frank, piercing the hide of a rhinoceros was as easy a task as to annoy him with ridicule.

"I can't imagine," observed Moses, one evening, when the two were locked up together in Frank's room, "what perverse fate sent me out with you that showery day—nor can I imagine," he added, more apropos than usual, "what ever became of all my umbrellas!"

Frank knocked the ashes out of his cigar, (he smoked, but Moses didn't) and inquired if his friend had grown tired of Miss Bulder.

"Dombey and Son" had not then made its appearance, or Moses would certainly have replied in the enthusiastic language of Toots, when he expressed a wish to be transformed into Miss Dombey's dog. As it was, he merely shook his head, and observed thoughtfully,

"If Miss Bulder could only meet with some mishap—lose her fortune, you know—or have the small-pox—provided that she got over it."

"I should feel better satisfied with her as she is," said Frank.

"There might *then* be some chance of her being satisfied with *me*," returned Moses, humbly.

"Moses, my dear friend," said the young lawyer, impressively, as he ensconced himself in his overcoat, "when I was at the winsome age of five years—a young nondescript in frocks that were all pockets and any quantity of gilt buttons—I went to dinner, one day, with 'a well-behaved little boy' of my own age. I conducted myself as usual: asked for what I wanted, and if refused, clamored until I got it; I was stuffed with every thing on the table, and petted by the company—while the well-behaved child, who had not once spoken, was, somewhere near the conclusion of the meal, rewarded with a chicken-wing. Young as I was, I became impressed with the conviction that modesty didn't pay. *You can draw what inference you please.*"

So saying, he coolly walked out, and left Moses meditating desperate things over the expiring embers. Handy Andy was lying on the table; and Moses pondered deeply over the reprimand of the disappointed mother, when Andy, having escaped from the infuriated claws of Matty and her lover, relates his humble manner of ingratiating himself with his newly and unexpectedly made lady: "You Omelharon, you! *Make a woman believe that you're no better nor her, an' she'll like you!*"

But Moses shook his head despairingly. The nursery rhyme that had so puzzled his childhood,

in which a cow jumped over the moon, was nothing to the wild impracticability of such an idea. How *could* people write so! He believed, though, that Frank had impressed Miss Markton with a conviction of *his* superiority; but then—she was not Annie Bulder!

When Frank returned, he found his friend fast asleep, with "Handy Andy" open upon his knee; and as he glanced at the page, he was at no loss to imagine the thoughts that had puzzled that honest heart. His smile was not entirely one of pity—respect for the simple goodness of Moses' character was mingled with it.

Everybody has made a wry face over *some* nauseous compound—has tightly closed his eyes, and taken a first swallow of unnatural dimensions to lower, if possible, the glass that *neither* exhilarates nor intoxicates; so felt Moses when he stood before Annie Bulder during the long-wished-for moment *after* the fatal plunge. Yes, he had done it at last; and now looked at her despairingly as she sat playing with the tassel of her apron.

"Mr. Geldthorp," said she, with a smile, as she raised her clear eyes to his face, "you will probably be surprised at what I am going to say."

"More *grieved* than surprised," thought Moses, who anticipated a gentle refusal.

"Ever since I arrived at the dignity of long dresses," continued the pretty heiress, "I have been pestered by various 'airy nothings,' who called themselves *men*. These suitors would, doubtless, have reversed the speech of the disinterested boatman who rowed Lord Ullin's daughter 'across the stormy water'—but, fortunately, not one of them approached even the ante-chamber leading to my heart. My cousin has often observed 'how pleasant it was to be an heiress!' but I am afraid that I owe to *that* circumstance the fact of my being a somewhat incredulous young lady, to whom the chivalry of olden times sounds like a fanciful dream. But, perhaps, instead of this long preface, it will be more satisfactory to you to hear that I am no longer an heiress."

She was smiling, but her eyes were bent searchingly upon Moses, whose countenance showed, like a clear lake, the heart that was "free from envy, malice, and all uncharitable-ness."

"I am so glad!" said he, softly, waiting for her to proceed. The smile was gone; but there came into her eyes a look that caused his heart to thrill with an almost incredulous sensation of happiness.

"My cousin," said she, "has, as you probably know, been for some time engaged to Frank Ranger; they were both too poor to marry, and upon her I have settled the half of my fortune, whose *real* amount would probably discourage my host of suitors. Do I not appear to you, as I should to the rest of them, a jackdaw stripped of borrowed plumes?"

Moses reverently kissed the hand that had been worrying the tassel; and, not to be outdone in generosity, innocently announced his intention of settling *his* fortune on Frank.

Annie laughed outright.

"And pray," said she, "what are *we* to live on?"

"*We?*" Was it really so? Moses was so absorbed in a vision of Annie, with a sweet, calculating face, as now, summing up accounts—or, in a neat-fitting morning-dress, with a bunch of keys at her side that meant no more than sleigh-bells, that he forgot to answer. But Annie brought the question before him, decided, in its stern necessity, as a bayonet; and, as he seemed somewhat hard to convince, she coolly observed,

"Well, sir, if you *are* foolish enough to marry me without my fortune, I have no intention of taking *you*, minus *yours*."

Moses awoke from a long dream. "My dearest Annie!" he exclaimed, "excuse me—everything shall be as you wish!"

Annie laughed again, but she suffered him to retain her hand; and Moses felt like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

"Mr. Geldthorp," observed his lady, demurely, on their wedding day, "you took *me* in with an imaginary umbrella, and I took you in with an imaginary fortune—we are now square, I think."

"Not unless the plural pronoun is vested in *me*," returned Moses, as the mirror before which they stood gave back his substantial proportions and Annie's sylph-like figure. Newly married people have a great fancy for seeing themselves reflected together.

What Annie *did* in reply is, as Mr. Toots wisely observes, "of no consequence."

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN AND PARLOR."

At the dead of night there was a cry. "Fire, fire, fire!"

Even in a great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how inexpressibly awful!

"Fire, fire, fire!" It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the negro quarter, in every variety of the tones of horror and alarm.

The mistress of the mansion, awaking at the cry, sprang from bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrified gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord above hab mercy on us." These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the wood-work near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.

"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a centre-table, which stood in the middle of the

apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles, and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "it will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great staircase.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought, on her escape, had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The servants, we say, looked at each other in dismay. The hall of the house was now all in a

flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed by terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sound of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said, "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the bough of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire within had reached the roof, and soon after the whole line of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lurid element poured out from the windows, ran upward licking the combustible front, and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid, high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud: and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh! it is in vain," she cried, making a new effort to rush into the flames, "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself. For the love of God——"

But at that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already

on fire, appeared the faithful Juba, holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him. He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket, and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child toward them. He had, however, anticipated them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was hurried immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a terrific crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up toward the sky, from where the roof had been; and, as if propelled from a force-pump, a gush of intense flame followed, leaping far up into the highest heaven.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long-drawn sigh. For the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed toward the building, and, until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been latest visible. They had hoped to find him there. They had flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now plain this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving way, before he threw the child, and if so this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other, as they fell back.

But there was little time for words. Scarcely had this thought been exchanged, before there was another crash, and, with a momentary waving motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, the sobbings which had filled the air, but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle. Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd, that Juba and the old nurse were buried in the ruins.

But suddenly, from out the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands

and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of the shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.

And hark! a voice. A full, deep voice, coming from that mangled body. What did it say?

Not words of pain, reader: but words of joy: words that you and I may bless God if we can say, when dying.

They were words such as the martyrs used at the stake, or among the lions. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Nothing more. But continually, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"*

For was not he a martyr too? He had died to save his master's child. Oh! he was both hero and martyr. And now that he had "fought the good fight," that the "goal was won," God gave him strength to forget the agony of his crisped

and mangled body, and to remember only that he was going to bliss everlasting.

Thus, over the renewed sobbing of the spectators, over the wild shriek of his mistress as she rushed toward him, over the roar and crackling of the conflagration, there rose, like a trumpet, the incessant cry, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

One would not have thought that it was a poor, maimed, bleeding, dying sufferer that spoke, but the happiest and proudest of men.

They reached him, stooped over him, would have raised him. But, at that moment, he looked up at his mistress, a triumphant smile breaking over his face, and then fell lifeless back, a "Hallelujah" still trembling on his tongue.

And so he died. His grave has a marble tablet, with the words "faithful unto death." What nobler motto could there be!

* A fact.

BOB HOUSTON'S EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

BY FANNY SMITH.

I SHALL never forget my Cousin Bob Houston's experience of the Polka.

In the Western Pennsylvania village from which he came, the Mazourka, the Redowa, and the Schottish had only begun to be whispered of, but the Polka was in full blast.

I entered our parlor one evening and found a tall, somewhat awkward gentleman sitting there, who seemed to have more hands than he knew what to do with conveniently, with an incipient moustache, which he evidently thought would thrive more on city air, than on that of his far off village home, and an attempt at a fashionable style of dress, which had evidently come from a second-rate tailor, and was what Thackeray would call decidedly "snobbish."

I was introduced to the gentleman as a cousin, and after various questions regarding his journey and family, which were invariably answered with the addition of "mam," I was startled by his asking, "pray, mam, do they dance the Polka here?" My reply was of course in the affirmative, but I also spoke of the new fashionable dances, and described them, and in fact showed him the steps and positions of several.

But he declared that the Polka outdid them all for grace, dexterity, and excitement; so after tea my little sister played on the piano, and Bob and myself "polked" till I was completely worn out.

Our family were the only relatives whom he had in the city, so nearly all his evenings were spent with us. We still "polked" indefatigably, and as I found our intimacy would warrant it, I gave him some delicate hints with regard to his dress. In due time they had their effect. The forest green cut-away-coat with metal buttons, was exchanged for a quiet black frock; the plaided waistcoat, which looked as if it might have been made from Helen McGregor's shawl, was replaced by a dark claret velvet, or black cloth; the hat, which had been such a decided D'Orsay, had some of the brim uncurled; and the orange colored kids gave place to some sober brown or lead tint, which wonderfully improved the appearance of his hand.

The large, double gilt watch-chain, and the studs of red and green also gradually disappeared, and my Cousin Bob did really look like a gentleman.

I said nothing about the moustaches. Gentle reader! I have a *penchant* for them I admit, and Cousin Bob's were very handsome, so black and glossy. Altogether he was really a fine-looking fellow, good-hearted and naturally intelligent withal. I soon grew quite proud of my *protege*.

"Bob," said I, one evening, when he polked into the parlor, and then whirled himself into a chair by my side, "Bob, Mrs. Watson is going to give a splendid party this day week. Would you like to go as my gallant?"

"Like to go, Fanny, to be sure," and his eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure, "but," and here his countenance fell again, "but I have had no invitation."

"Oh, no matter for that; I saw Mrs. Watson to-day, and she told me to bring any gentleman whom I pleased, and you shall go with me if you will."

Bob gave a delighted assent, and immediately arose, and begged me to practise the polka with him again. My sister Nelly's nimble little fingers were put under contribution, and we flew up and down the room, looking about as sensible, I suppose, to uninitiated eyes, as the whirling Der-vishes would to us.

My cousin at length took his departure, but after having closed the parlor door, he put his head in again, saying,

"Now, Cousin Fan, don't laugh, but as I am going with you, I ought to dress as you wish me to, you know; so what must I wear on Wednesday night?"

I prescribed a complete suit of black except the vest and gloves, and Bob went off again with many thanks for my kindness in taking him.

The great Wednesday night at length arrived, and with it Bob. He came into our parlor so gracefully and quietly, except with that everlasting Polka step, that I had no fear of any *gaucheries*.

We arrived late, and the band of music was playing the most inspiring Polka possible. I felt that a little more would send Bob "polking" through the hall to the dressing-room, coat and all, but he went up stairs with only a subdued excitement visible in his manner, and when I rejoined him at the dressing-room door, I whispered as I took his arm,

"For mercy's sake, Bob, don't polk up to Mrs. Watson when we go in."

My advice really seemed necessary. To be sure he bowed gravely enough to the hostess, but he put his arm to my waist the moment we had passed her, and would have whirled me off immediately had I been willing. That I told him would look too eager, and from the length of time the waltze had been playing I knew it must be nearly through, but promised him my hand, or rather my waist for the next dance.

I introduced my cousin, however, to my pretty little friend, Kate Harvey, and as a plain quadrille was about being formed, he led her to it.

He really acquitted himself very well, but in a subdued manner rather, for it was terribly stupid and slow after the Polka, he said.

Then we had the Schottish and the Redowa, and though Bob looked on with interest, he evidently thought they fell short of his favorite.

"But, Fanny," said he, "what a beautiful young lady your friend Miss Harvey is, and she tells me that she doates on the Polka. She has promised me to dance the first one with me after the waltze to which I am engaged with you."

The evening passed till twelve o'clock most delightfully to Bob, then the supper room on the other side of the hall was thrown open, and the large drawing-rooms were deserted.

Bob almost gave a whistle of surprise at the magnificence of the table, loaded with flowers, candy temples, and all the most tempting delicacies of the season, but was soon too much engrossed with tasting the edibles to think of their appearance. Champagne corks popped in every direction, and though Bob did not, as a certain magistrate of the state, say it was "the best cider he had ever tasted," still he did acknowledge it to be wonderfully good "Heidsieck."

In the course of half an hour or so, the band in the other parlor commenced the Polka waltze, in order to draw off those who had finished supper, as the room was very full, and I saw Bob with a triumphant air lead off Kate Harvey to the drawing-room.

There were just enough couples on the floor to make the waltzing pleasant. They circled in and out, producing figures which would have driven a military tactician wild, now scudding back and forth, as if impelled by a breeze, now here, now there, sometimes treading on the trains of particularly thin or elegant dresses, sometimes bounding up against the next neighbor like Indian rubber balls.

I watched Bob Houston and his fair partner with some anxiety. I do not think the champagne had at all got in his head, but it did

certainly seem to affect his feet. He went around the room like a flying Mercury, almost lifting Kate off of her feet when he gave her a whirl, and making her fairly pant for breath. She, however, seemed as much excited as himself, and showed no signs of fatigue. On and on they went, advancing and receding, whirling and sliding aside of their neighbors with marvelous precision, till Bob's face grew crimson, his high pointed shirt-collar, which had been so beautifully stiff and glossy in the beginning of the evening, began to grow limp and fall, his breath came pantingly, and the perspiration was streaming down his forehead.

I was standing in the doorway of the supper-room cooling my mouth after the terrapin, with some deliciously large and transparent Malaga grapes, while Mrs. Woodley, a particularly fussy lady, with no children to annoy her, and who could never see a pin put in crooked without speaking of it, had just taken a cup of smoking hot coffee from a servant, and was holding in her other hand, a plate of chicken salad and stewed oysters which belonged to her husband, who had gone for some water.

As I said before, I was watching Bob and his partner with some apprehension, but thinking they must be nearly exhausted, was about turning away, when looking up, I saw them sliding backward directly toward us. Alas! alas! it was too late, for Bob had his back toward us, and Kate evidently saw nothing, so he came up plump against Mrs. Woodley, knocking the coffee cup out of her hand, the hot contents of which passed down his legs and made him fairly spring. This entangled him in Kate's fashionably long dress, and nearly threw them down together, whilst the oysters and chicken salad went on Mrs. Woodley's new dark green velvet, till she forgot her usually proper and decorous manner, and said things to, and about Bob which I should not like to repeat here.

No wonder, poor soul though, for the velvet dress had cost her nearly seventy dollars, and it was ruined.

Kate's pretty face too, was perfectly disfigured by her vexation. She had been laughed at by the bystanders, for her hard dancing and its unfortunate result, and this was a thing which her philosophy could not stand.

As for poor Bob, he first rubbed his legs where the hot liquid had run down, turned to make an apology to the affronted dame, and was told he was "no gentleman" for his pains; found he had put his foot through Kate's beautiful lace dress, and when he expressed his regret for the *contretemps* in the most contrite manner, he was bowed

away in the most frigidly polite style, and Miss Kate turned her back to him before his sentence was finished.

Poor Bob! he "polked" no more that night; his very moustaches had a drooping look; and when in compassion for his feelings I left early, I had plenty of time for reverie on my way home, for my cousin never spoke a word.

Bob was reading law in the office of one of our ablest pleaders, and I knew that his evenings were not usually much engaged, but I did not now see him again for two or three weeks.

One evening, as I was sitting by the parlor fire reading, the door opened and Bob walked in, in a slow and dignified manner, very different from the hop, skip and jump with which he usually entered. Nelly's fingers and the piano were not called in requisition that night for the Polka.

We talked of the sleighing, the opera, concerts, lectures, but never a word was said about Mrs. Watson's party or the Polka.

After this Bob got to visiting us again as formerly, coming and going quite like a domestic animal, but for a long while it seemed as if "Othello's occupation had gone;" he really did not know what to do with himself.

I said to him laughingly one evening,

"Bob, do you know that I am afraid you will be an old bachelor, you seem to settle down so quietly here; do try to find a wife."

"Do you find me a woman, Cousin Fan," said he, "who is lame, has a cork-leg, or anything else in the world that will prevent her from 'polking,' and I promise you to marry her."

Bob is still a bachelor, and he vows it is all because of his EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216.

X.—THE DEATH BED.

FROM this time Julia saw Manderson frequently. He never, indeed, appeared at the store, as he had so often before, but instead he came often to visit her in the evenings. At such times her father sustained the principal part of the conversation. He and Manderson talked of politics, philosophy, poetry and *belles lettres*, for Mr. Forester, like American farmers of his class generally, was a man of considerable reading, and more reflection, and even his highly cultivated and travelled guest found instruction in listening to him.

Julia sat usually silent, but occasionally joined in the conversation, when either the question was one regarding her sex, or when, as was frequent, either of the speakers appealed to her. She was proud of her father, and watched him fondly, especially when he grew eloquent in his earnestness, as he often did. At such times Manderson delighted to watch her in turn, to mark the flash of the eye, the speaking blood that rose to the round cheek, and the erect, spirited carriage of the beautiful head. And as he looked he wondered how he could ever have thought, for a moment, of marrying Clara, and grew more in love with Julia continually.

It would be idle to say that Julia did not begin to reciprocate these feelings. She saw, by a hundred tokens such as love knows how to employ, that it was herself, not her father, that Manderson came to see. It was impossible longer to say to herself that it was folly to give a thought to one raised so much above her by fortune and social position. In refinement, in education, in everything but wealth and station, she felt herself the equal of her visitor; and the more she saw of him, the less she believed him likely to be influenced, in love, by merely adventitious circumstances. Ever since the night he had rescued her from the mob, she felt that she could stake her life on his truth. He was not one, she told her heart, who would seek her society thus, from mere wanton coquetry, and who would desert her as soon as he gratified his vanity by winning her affection.

Never had she been so happy. She regretted no longer the loss of the farm, nor the comparatively menial life she led. She could have gone singing all day, like a glad, free bird, if she had yielded to the gush of her feelings, which indeed it was difficult for her always to restrain. Her step had never been lighter. The rose came back to her cheeks. She grew more beautiful daily, for of all cosmetics, love, the most natural and artless, is ever the best.

But her dream of felicity was a short one. Already clouds were gathering about her, soon to settle down in tempest and night. Disasters and sorrows, some the result of hostile human influence, some the award of inscrutable destiny, were to be her lot; and the first of these was the serious illness of her father.

Though Mr. Forester had borne up bravely like a man, and resignedly like a Christian, against the loss of his property, the blow had nevertheless went to his heart. He did not exhibit any outward evidence of this, but struggled to conceal it, and in the effort wore away health and life. Even the loving eyes of Julia were deceived for a while. But at last the evidences of increasing feebleness grew so palpable that she became alarmed. Still, however, the father denied the truth.

"It is nothing," he said, in answer to Julia's eager inquiries. "I have been so used to constant exercise, and in the open country too, that this living, with nothing to do, in a great city, makes me paler than of old."

"But you eat nothing, dear father," remonstrated Julia. "I have watched you, for several days, and in all that time, you have not taken more than you sometimes used to, at a single meal."

"Ah! Julia, girls will exaggerate," replied the old man, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Now, papa," she said, and tears came into her eyes, "don't try to deceive me, for I know you are not feeling well. I have seen you, when actually loathing food, try nevertheless to force it down, because you observed me watching you." Mr. Forester could not gainsay this. He was

so sincerely truthful, and good in every way, to prevaricate; and her home questions convinced him of what he had been trying to conceal from himself, that he was rapidly failing. His eye fell before her's.

"Well, my child," he answered, "I will acknowledge that I don't feel as well as I used to. But I have thought it was the city air. Yet, within the last week, I have grown weaker very fast, faster than I suppose I ought."

Poor Julia! Her worst fears were confirmed. She turned away to hide her emotion. Her father followed her movements with his eyes, and though she had her back to him, and professed to be pulling the dead leaves from a rose-bush she kept in a pot, he saw that her fingers trembled, and he put up a silent prayer that heaven would protect his child when he was no more.

A fortnight after that day Mr. Forester was confined to the bed from which he was never to rise again. Julia no longer went to the store, for there was no one to be with her father but herself, and though he insisted on her leaving him, declaring that he wanted no nurse, she would not consent. Her employer, at first, promised to retain her place for her. But he had expected that she would soon be able to return. When, however, the busy season came on, and when he found how protracted her father's sickness was, he was forced to provide a successor for her. This was a sad blow for Julia. But the increasing feebleness of her parent soon drove all other thoughts out of her mind. Meantime she supported themselves by taking in shop-work to make up with her needle, and by secretly selling, as necessity required it, one valuable after another of her own.

Manderson came often to inquire about her father, but Julia could no longer see him, except for a moment at a time. Very precious, however, were these interviews, short as they were. The sympathy, denied to her everywhere else, revealed itself in Manderson's every look and tone; and even if she had doubted before that he loved her, she could have doubted no longer now. Still he made no declaration in words. Nor could Julia have loved him as well if he had. For him to have brought his vows to the death bed of her father, would have seemed sacrilege to her; and Manderson, instinctively feeling this, refrained from speaking, though his heart yearned for the right to comfort her. But many a delicacy, such as an invalid demands, yet which Julia could not have purchased from her own slender means, came to her father, with the compliments of Mr. Manderson. Their frequency,

at last, almost tempted her to refuse them, for the boarders began to gossip of her in connexion with the donor, and in a way to call the indignant blood to her cheek; but the knowledge that these little luxuries were necessary to her parent, and the conviction that they could be obtained in no other way, finally determined her to encounter the risk of misrepresentations rather than make her father suffer. As for Manderson, his noble nature was above suspicion of the vile motives, likely to be attributed to him, by the vulgar, prying inmates of a third-rate lodging-house. He only thought of the delicate appetite of the invalid, not of the possible misconstruction to which he subjected Julia.

Mr. Forester had been ill about six weeks, when, one afternoon, waking from a sleep, he called to his daughter.

"Here I am, dear papa," said Julia, stepping softly to his side. "You have had a nice sleep. You feel better, don't you? Would not you like some of this jelly?"

"I think I could eat a little, my love."

For nearly two days her father had taken no nourishment, and often had Julia wept secretly in consequence, for she deemed this utter want of appetite a sure forerunner of his death. But now the joyful tears rushed into her eyes. She hastened to bring the jelly, and to feed her father from a spoon, for he was too weak to help himself.

He took a mouthful, smiled on her sweetly, tried another, and then, with a faint gesture, intimated that he could eat no more. She was a little disappointed. But on the whole he looked so much better, and spoke with such a comparatively strong voice, that she was happier than she had been for weeks, and even began to have hopes of his recovery. She had heard that invalids often had a crisis, after which they grew better, and she said to herself that his rapid sinking for the last two days, followed by this rally, augured that such a crisis had come, and passed favorably.

"Dear, dear papa," she said, gently smoothing the pillow, her tears flowing softly, as happy tears do, "I am so glad to see you better. You will get well now, I know. And when you are able to be moved, I will find a place in the country, near to town, where we can board during summer, and where you can regain your strength entirely. I can easily find something to do."

She had been fixing the sheet, and arranging the quilt as she spoke, and now, having concluded her task and words, she turned to kiss her father. She was startled at the earnest, indescribable look with which he was regarding her.

She stopped, frozen into silence. Her happy tears ceased to flow. She began to tremble all over. Oh! death, who that sees thee, even for the first time in life, in the eyes of a loved one, but recognizes thee immediately, and shudders in every nerve at thy unearthly gaze.

"Father, father," she cried, her voice insensibly elevating itself. Then she paused, her lips half parted with terror, for she beheld a dark, ashen shadow, as it were, sensibly stealing over that dear face.

A faint smile struggled, for a moment, through the gathering shades of death on Mr. Forester's countenance. He essayed to speak.

"My child," he said, "I shall never get better. My hour has come. But God will take care of you. He will be to you a better father than I could be."

The dying man evidently spoke with a great effort, for his words came slowly forth, and there was a long pause between each sentence. Yet though that strange film over his eyes grew more terrible, though the ghastly pallor settled more night-like over his face, still through those failing orbs and that darkening countenance, there struggled, fitfully, a look so full of love that Julia felt as if never before had she known the depth of his affection.

She kissed those dear lips, that venerable forehead; she pressed her cheek fondly against his; she held his hand to her heart; she leaned down, and murmuring, "dear, dear father," listened eagerly for what next he had to say.

For a time he seemed to try vainly for words. He gazed at her imploringly, his whole soul rising to his eyes. She held her breath, watching his lips and eyes, and pressing his hand more tenderly.

"They shall hunger no more," he murmured, finally, and now Julia knew he was repeating some verses from Revelations she had read to him just before he slept, verses that since their misfortunes had been often in his mind, "neither thirst any more—for the Lamb—shall feed them—and shall lead them unto living fountains of water—and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked fervently at Julia, and then to heaven, as if to add mentally that they should meet again.

She pressed his hand, she strove to smile, and following his glance answered, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked pleased, nodded his head slightly, and his lips moved as if he was repeating the words after her. But no sound reached Julia's ears.

There was a moment of awful silence. Eagerly she gazed into his eyes, fervently she pressed his hand. But the look of love was no longer in that face.

Darker and darker over the countenance, like clouds shutting out a mountain landscape; deeper and deeper the film on the eyes, like night closing in on the eternal sea: and then utter darkness—utter night—death!

With a wild stare of doubt, and a shriek that summoned the whole household, Julia fell senseless by the corpse of her father.

XL—THE GOVERNESS.

A MONTH had passed. Mr. Forester had been laid in an unostentatious grave, the expenses of the quiet funeral having been discharged by the sale of Julia's last trinket, and now our heroine, her old situation being lost to her, had accepted that of a governess in a West End family, no other employment presenting itself.

In some respects this new vocation was better than her former one, especially to one in Julia's present state of mind, for it gave her comparative seclusion. She had, at first, when she saw the advertisement of the place, hesitated whether to apply for it, for she had heard so much of the slights to which governesses were subject, that she feared to trust her proud spirit in such a situation. But necessity had known no law. She had literally reached the last dollar in her purse, and was compelled to take the first employment of any kind that offered. Yet though her place was, in most respects, even more distasteful than she had imagined it would be, she felt that it was better than being in a public store, where strange eyes that terrible ordeal to those in grief, would be on her. There were moments, too, when, in spite of every effort, uncontrollable bursts of grief would overcome her. At such times now she could escape observation, by hurrying out of the room till the emotion had passed. But she trembled to think that she might have betrayed herself, equally, even if she had been in a store, and before a score of curious people.

The family of the Elwoods consisted of a widowed mother, and two children, a son and a daughter. The father had been dead about two years. He had been a merchant in extensive trade, close and calculating in all his business affairs, but lavish in the expenditures of his household. It was his pride to have Mrs. Elwood's annual parties cited as the most elegant of the season. Her equipage, her dresses, and the furniture of her rooms were always of the newest styles and in character the most

costly. You could not flatter Mr. Elwood more than by complimenting him on the taste, luxury and *eclat* of his living. He would, indeed, deprecate your praise; perhaps now and then protest that he was but a poor merchant; but nevertheless his eyes would glisten with pleasure, and he would twirl his watch-key with evident satisfaction. Nay! ten to one he would ask you to at early dinner to taste the wines you had praised, or see again the pictures you had admired.

Mrs. Elwood had been the daughter of one of those old, but decayed families, such as may be found in most great cities. She was as proud of her ancestors, who had been judges and colonial secretaries a hundred years before she was born, as her husband was of his wealth, his fine house, and, we may add, of his aristocratic wife. She had a cousin, who was an English nobleman, and who once had visited America; and she was never weary of describing how he looked, and what he said, on the day he had dined at her table. There was scarcely a family of note in the city, unless among those whom she called upstarts, with whom she was not, or did not pretend to be connected by blood or marriage. She was a perfect living chronicle of genealogy. Lucifer, if human, could not have been prouder.

About two years before the period of our story Mr. Elwood had died suddenly, leaving her undisputed mistress of a third of his income and his splendid mansion. She had ordered a costly monument, and wore mourning for him duly; but as she had married him only for his wealth, she did not feel his loss very keenly. In her heart she had always despised him, partly for his really vulgar manners, and partly for what she called his low birth. All her affections were centered upon her only son. From his infancy, this child had been the pet of his mother, so much so that she would never allow him to be punished for a fault, even by his father. When he grew older, she refused to let him be sent to school, but had a tutor engaged for him, taking especial care that the "poor, dear boy," as she said, "should not have his health destroyed by too much study." She filled the young heir's mind, meantime, with the most absurd ideas of his importance. When the lad began to approach manhood, she resisted her husband's wish to place him in a counting-house, plainly telling the father that her son should condescend to no plebeian pursuits. The young man became consequently as worthless as he was idle; drank often to excess, gamed, and was profligate in all things. He was, in truth, dissipating the estate of the elder Mr. Elwood more rapidly than it had been accumulated. As to his general deportment

the reader is already informed, for this was the person who had run over Mr. Forester.

The Elwood mansion had been closed only as long as decency demanded; for Mrs. Elwood could not live without society. Dinners were constantly being given. Every morning the reception room was crowded with visitors, where the gossip of the upper circles was canvassed, and the fashions or the opera discussed. But of these gayeties Julia saw nothing personally. She dined with the housekeeper, at a sort of upper servants' table. She had been a month in the house before she even saw the son. Her first meeting with him, however, she never forgot.

It was toward the close of a spring day, when she and her pupil were returning from a walk in the garden, that the interview occurred. The little Gertrude, Julia had already learned to love. The poor child, slighted by the mother, whose whole thoughts were given to the worthless son, enthusiastically welcomed our heroine, to whom she gave immediately her entire heart. The governess and the pupil were always together. It was a delight to Julia to watch the opening mind of the sweet child, to see how artless was her affection, and to endeavor to repay her for her ever ready sympathy; while on the part of Gertrude, there was such a pleasure in having some one who would not repulse her love, that she could not endure to be absent from Julia's side. It was the practice of the two, after the lessons of the day were over, and their dinner partaken of, to walk out for exercise together, sometimes in the streets, but oftener in the large old-fashioned garden back of the mansion. About the time Mrs. Elwood dined, which was between five and six o'clock, they invariably returned, however, in order that Gertrude might go in to the dessert; for though the child was not permitted to eat with her mother, she was expected to appear, for a few minutes, daily at this hour: and rarely, except at this time, did she see her parent.

Julia had noticed that Gertrude, instead of loving her brother, seemed actually to have a dislike to him. But as our heroine asked no questions, either of the child or housekeeper, she was not enlightened as to the cause, until on this evening, when, happening to enter the hall, just as the footman opened the front door, she saw, to her horror, a young man in a state of intoxication totter in. The scream of Gertrude, as she flew to the staircase, dragging Julia with her, told who the intruder was. Julia was shocked not less at the footman's sneer, as he stood behind his master, as at the degraded

young man himself, who, with unsteady gait, stumbled forward.

Julia had ascended the staircase but a short distance, when the intoxicated Elwood, who had caught sight of her immediately, staggered toward her.

"I say—I say, young woman," he hiccuped, holding on by the banisters to steady himself as he spoke, and looking up toward Julia with a countenance in which vacancy and brutishness appeared by turns, "don't be—in—in such a hurry. You're the gov—gov—er—ness, I suppose, that Mrs. Elwood has been—getting—for Gerty. Stop a—minute—will you? Don't be in such a—con—con—founded hurry——"

Swaying to and fro, and looking up at Julia, his hat, which had been crushed on one side of his head, fell off suddenly at this point. The footman audibly tittered. Julia was angry beyond words, but embarrassed to an even greater degree, for Gertrude, who was always a nervous child, had become so frightened, that she had sunk powerless on the steps, where she cowered, almost within reach of her brother, gazing at him tremblingly, like a frightened, fascinated bird, so that poor Julia, who could not desert Gertrude, and was unable to carry her up stairs, knew not what to do. She stood with one foot on an upper step, and one on that where Gertrude lay, holding her pupil by the hand, sternly regarding the intoxicated man, though her heart beat very fast, and the indignant color mounted even to the temples.

When his hat fell, the inebriate stopped speaking for a moment, and regarded it, as it lay on the floor, with a half stupid, half puzzled look: then, turning to the footman, whom he nearly detected in a titter, he said, "here—you Jones—you Smith—or whatever your name is, you white neck-cloth scoundrel, pick that up."

The lacquey, now all obedience, approaching to perform this duty, the young man, with a drunken grin, as if the joke was the brightest conceivable, suddenly pushed him with one foot as he stooped. At this unexpected assault the footman plunged down headforemost. But he did not fall alone. His master, having unconsciously let go the banisters, when he turned to call the lacquey, lost his balance by pushing the servant over, and, in the very act of laughing at the latter's mishap, tumbled on top of the prostrate flunkey, the two rolling over together on the floor.

Julia did not, however, see this farcical end of the affair. She had succeeded in rousing her young pupil, as soon as the attention of the drunkard was turned away, and Gertrude and

she were now flying up the staircase, with all the speed that fear on the one hand and disgust on the other could give.

"Oh! Miss Forester, isn't it dreadful?" These were the first words that Gertrude spoke, when, on gaining the school-room, she felt herself safe. "He often comes home so. The housekeeper says it wouldn't be so bad, if he waited till after dinner, but that to get tipsy before it, is what no gentleman ought to do. He does so frighten me. Isn't it very wicked in him, don't you think, Miss Forester?"

Julia scarcely knew what to say. Never before had she seen any person intoxicated, except the low vagabonds that lounged about the village tavern: and she was shocked inexpressibly, as well as indignant. But a moment's reflection told her that it would not be right to speak her sentiments before the young sister. She answered, therefore,

"Let us hope, let us pray, dear Gertrude, that he may never be so again. To-night, when you kneel at your bedside, pray for your brother, that he may be kept from temptation."

XII.—THE INSULT.

BUT this was not the last interview between Julia and Elwood. The fashionable profligate, in spite of his intoxication, had seen her beauty; and from that day began to persecute her secretly with his addresses. He intruded on her garden walks, waylaid her on the staircase, and omitted no opportunity indeed of meeting her when he could do so without his mother's knowledge.

But for Gertrude she would have left Mrs. Elwood's immediately that she became the object of these persecutions. But partly from affection, partly from a sense of duty, she could not bring herself to part with the dear child. She had now no one but Gertrude to love, and to this last link of human affection she clung tenaciously, resolving to endure everything short of insult, rather than surrender it. For, to her other sorrows, was now added the neglect of Manderson, whom she had not seen since her father's death.

At first, indeed, his absence had not disconcerted her. When she recalled the delicacy of his behavior during her parent's illness, she could not believe but that he loved her; and it was easy, while this confidence remained, to invent a hundred reasons for his not calling. Perhaps he had not been told where she had gone. Perhaps he was absent from the city. Perhaps he had been at Mrs. Elwood's, at some hour when she was engaged, and been denied to him without her knowledge. But these were all causes which time ought to have removed, and when weeks

became months, yet still he did not come, serious misgivings began to possess her. In this emergency she made bold to inquire if any one had ever called on her, and was answered in the negative. Gradually her misgivings become certainties. She said to herself that if Manderson had been compelled to leave the city, unexpectedly, he could have written to her. Finally she surrendered the delicious dream, in which she had secretly indulged, and with prayer and self-discipline, began to struggle for the eradication of her love.

It was with many tears that she arrived at the conviction of Manderson's perfidy. She never before had known how much she worshipped him, until now when she saw she must tear him from her heart. It was the destruction of almost her entire faith in life. She had already been a friendless orphan; and this final blow was almost too much for her faith; so that at times, she was tempted to question the justice of heaven, in thus leaving her alone, desolate, and almost broken-hearted. The burden seemed, at first, more than she could bear.

"Oh! why should I be singled out in this way?" she cried, in an agony of grief. "I see around me hundreds, who have never suffered from loss of fortune, who are still surrounded by their families, and who are not victims of man's perfidy. Why is my fate so much harder than theirs? Death would be welcome rather than a life like this. Father," she sobbed, passionately, as if the spirit of her lost parent could hear her, "could I but be with thee, could I but be with thee."

But juster reflections followed this burst of despair. When she had sobbed herself out, and the storm of grief had passed, the recollection of her sinful repinings filled her heart with pangs of keen remorse. For a time, in her horror, she could not even pray for forgiveness. But from the depths of her soul there went up a silent sorrow for her ingratitude to God, which, doubt it not, won acceptance in His sight, who is ever merciful. At last her lips found words.

"Saviour, forgive," was still all she could utter, and this was with renewed sobs, "Thou wast led like a lamb to the slaughter—yet Thou didst not complain." And then she thought how He was buffeted, reviled, spat upon; how cruel hands crowned Him with thorns; and how He was nailed to the cross, between two thieves, as if the vilest of malefactors. These reflections abased her in the dust, so that, without raising her eyes, she could only sob, "forgive, forgive."

It was long past midnight, when, after her burst of passionate grief, followed by horrors of

remorse and repentance, she sank into slumber. She woke late in the morning, exhausted physically, but strengthened in soul. A calm peace reigned in her heart. It was not joy, nor even happiness, but it was, at least, contentment. She felt that her cross was a heavy one, but she knew that He who gave it to her to bear, would supply the strength to endure it; and, with this conviction, she resolved to go forward, doing her duty faithfully, and complaining not, yet ready, when the time should come, to exchange this world for a better one. Often and often she recalled the text which had been in her dying parent's mind, and remembered that it was those "who had come up out of great tribulation," of whom the prophetic apostle had said that God should "wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Thus it was that, notwithstanding the annoyance of Elwood's admiration, she resolved to remain with Gertrude, for she thought she saw that duty called on her to save that dear child from the evil influences around her. "This is the one lamb of the flock, the precious talent, entrusted to my care," said Julia. "Heaven has sent me here, taught me to love her, and made the sweet girl love me in return, in order that I might be the instrument for her good: and to fit me for this task, God has disciplined my own character. Father above," she added, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes, "I thank thee that thou hast thus honored me."

Yet not a week passed that Julia did not have to endure, in some shape or another, the impatient addresses of Elwood. Now he joined her in the streets, where he could not be shaken off without a scene, which he knew she would avoid for her own sake. Now he persecuted her with letters. Now he sent her gifts. Often she was on the point of abandoning Gertrude. But as often she reconsidered her resolution. At last Elwood surprised her, one day, in the sitting-room, when his mother and Gertrude were out together in the carriage.

She rose immediately to leave the apartment.

"Stay," he said, placing himself between her and the door. "I have something to say to you. You sent back my ring. Foolish girl, why will you not believe that I love you?"

Julia made no answer to this, but continued her efforts to pass him, which he as constantly frustrated. At last she said almost angrily,

"Let me go, sir. You insult me. Let me go."

"Not till you have heard me," resolutely answered her persecutor. "Cruel creature, why will you force me to be harsh? For hear me you must. My mother and sister will not be

back these two hours, and I have taken care to have no intrusion from the servants."

For a moment, when she heard this, Julia's courage almost gave way. What might not be attempted against her in revenge, she reflected, by this profligate. But her native bravery rallied immediately to her aid; the cheek flushed as rapidly as it had paled; and, drawing herself up to her full height, she flashed her indignant eyes full on the speaker.

"Once for all, sir," she said, "I wish neither your gifts, your explanations, nor your company. Let me pass."

But his answer was only a slight, incredulous laugh. Elwood had no faith in the virtue of woman, but believed that Julia's spirited words, as well as her former avoidance of him, were mere pretences. He gave her the credit of being, in his own phrase, "a deuced smart girl," and expected, therefore, that she would, to quote his language again, "drive a hard bargain;" but that she would finally yield to his suit, and exchange her hard life for one of ease and luxury, he never doubted for a moment: and, therefore, no sooner had she ceased, than with an incredulous laugh he seized her hand, and began to urge his infamous proposals.

We cannot soil our pages by repeating what he said. But it was everything that could be urged to gloss over sin, or paint the delights of the wealth he offered. Julia, outraged and indignant, in vain tried to get loose. He clung to her hand till the delicate wrist was bruised. She did not, she would not, however, hear his foul words. All she knew was that he was insulting her by the grossest proposals, such as, if she had been a man, she would have struck him to the earth for naming in her presence. That she had not the strength even to escape from him, was the one engrossing thought that now possessed her. In vain she struggled, with both hands, to free herself from his one. At last he attempted to sit down and draw her to his knee, still proceeding with his insulting offers. This final indignity gave her, for a moment, superhuman power. With a desperate effort, in which her very life seemed staked on success, she wrenched herself loose, fled from the room, and gained her chamber without being overtaken. Here, first locking and double-locking the door, she sank powerless on the carpet, breathless, and trembling, and incapable for a while of rising.

XIII.—MOTHER AND SON.

BUT had Manderson really abandoned Julia, after having, by so many acts and looks, though never yet in words, assured her of his love? Was

he capable of such baseness? Or were circumstances his master, compelling him to avoid her presence, while he continued to love her as sincerely as ever? To explain his conduct we must go back to a period cotemporaneous with Julia's first arrival at the Elwoods.

Manderson was sitting, one day, at twilight, in his mother's parlors, lost in gloomy thought. He had discovered that afternoon, for the first time, whither Julia had gone. Delicacy had kept him from calling on her, during the mournful days immediately following the funeral, so that he had been in ignorance of her having left the boarding-house, until on calling there to leave his card, he had ascertained that she had accepted a situation at Mrs. Elwood's, which he regarded as little less than menial. Of all pursuits that of a governess was the last he would have wished his future bride to follow, and of all families that of the Elwoods the last he would have desired her to enter. His pride rebelled against it. Ignorant how reduced the Foresters had become, and unconscious, therefore, that no choice had been left to Julia; forgetful that she knew nothing of the son's character, which was so well known to him, and was a principal reason of his disliking her going there; he was almost angry at her, and felt injured because she had not consulted him. If he had reasoned more calmly he would have seen that he was the very person she could not consult. For what right had he ever given her to consult him? Had she been his plighted bride the case would have been different. But men in love, even the best of them, are as unreasonable as they are exacting.

He sat there, in that half dim parlor, gloomy and abstracted, as we have said, when his mother, who had been silently watching him, remarked suddenly,

"What ails you, Charles?"

He started, looked at her, and saying, "nothing ails me, mother," relapsed almost immediately into his gloomy mood.

"But something does ail you, my son," resumed Mrs. Manderson, after a pause, during which she continued to observe him. "You were absent and silent during dinner. You are so yet. Has anything gone wrong between you and Clara?"

He turned toward his mother, with a faint curl of his fine lips, as he uttered contemptuously the word, "Clara!"

"Charles," said Mrs. Manderson, with severity, "you should not allow any provocation to make you speak, in that way, of the lady you intend to make your wife."

"I never intend to make Miss Owens my wife,"

he answered, shortly, for he was annoyed at being disturbed.

"What *do* you mean?" replied his parent, rising, and approaching close to him, where she stood with her eyes fixed full on his face. "I have noticed that you visit Mrs. Rawlson's less than you did. Surely you cannot intend, after what has passed, to desert Clara."

His eye met his mother's without flinching, as he also rose and stood face to face with her.

"I don't know what you mean by deserting Miss Owens," he firmly retorted. "Certainly I never paid her serious addresses——"

"But you were pleased with her, you paid her very marked attention," interrupted his parent, "this you cannot deny: and is it honorable, after this, to withdraw?"

"I was pleased, for a while, with her grace, and with what I fancied was her goodness of heart. But, when I came to know her better, I saw that this grace was only conventional polish, and not a part of her natural character; and I discovered, almost as soon, that her amiability only existed where her selfishness was not in the way. Miss Owens is a pretty, perfectly polite, and sufficiently intelligent young lady; but she is no more a true woman, such as a true man ought to love, than paste is diamond."

His kindling eye, his animated tones, and heightened color revealed to Mrs. Manderson, who had not lived to be fifty without knowing human nature, that her son was in love with some one else, who formed, in his fancy, the antithesis to Clara Owens. The mother was bold, and frank, like himself, and she charged him with the fact immediately.

"I will not deny it," said our hero, though not without embarrassment, for so speedy an explanation with his mother he had not intended. "I do love, and love one as unlike Miss Owens, as gold is to tinsel, reality is to affectation."

"And who may this fine creature be?" The speaker could not prevent a slight shade of contempt creeping over her tones, for she knew that the lady could not belong to their set, else she would have discovered the affair before, and Mrs. Manderson, though anything but narrow-minded, was not without decided preferences in favor of family and wealth. But, observing the color flash across her son's countenance, she became aware of the error she had committed, and continued in blander accents. "If she is worthy of you, Charles, you know you will have my consent, though I must say that I am sorry things went so far with Clara."

"My dear mother," replied her son, respectfully taking her hand, "things did not go near

so far as you would have yourself believe. You know that you wished the match, in fact almost manoeuvred for it, and it was natural that you should magnify the slightest attentions into serious ones. I feel myself entirely innocent. But there is another quarter in which, though I have never yet told my love in words, honor would imperatively demand me to speak out, even if the inclination was wanting." He then, leading his mother to the sofa, took, his seat beside her, and narrated in what manner he had become acquainted with Julia, how he had tried to drive her from his memory, how she had been accidentally thrown on his protection, and how in consequence the acquaintance had been renewed. "And now, dearest mother," he said, in conclusion, "I have a favor to ask of you: you must promise to call on Miss Forester, if she accepts me; and with this promise I will go to-morrow and ask her to be mine."

The story of her son's proceedings was entirely new to Mrs. Manderson, who had never so much as suspected the possibility of such an entanglement. To say that she was disappointed would fail to convey an adequate idea of its effect on her. At heart she was a good deal shocked that her idolized son could fall in love with a farmer's daughter; but she was even more incensed that he should have preferred a penniless girl to such an heiress as Clara Owens. We have said, in a former chapter, that the Mandersons were not rich, especially for their station in life. It had been necessary, indeed, for Mr. Manderson, in making his will, to leave his entire property to his wife, otherwise she would have been unable to keep up the family mansion. But he did this with the less compunction, because he fully believed that his handsome and intelligent son, whenever he desired to have an establishment of his own, could marry an heiress. In this opinion the mother had concurred. It was, therefore, a serious matter to find this son, from whom so much had been expected, about to throw himself away on a half-bred rustic, as Mrs. Manderson supposed, who had nothing but rosy cheeks to recommend her.

To frustrate her son in his boyish folly was the mother's instant resolution. She was a woman quick to decide, and her plan was determined upon, therefore, before Manderson had quite finished his tale. Indeed most of what he said about Julia's merits, at the end, was lost upon his parent, who though pretending to listen, was absorbed in maturing her course of conduct. When he had ceased to speak she was prepared accordingly to answer at once.

"My dear boy," she said, kindly, "you are

in love, and for the first time in your life; and, therefore, I excuse what otherwise would be the height of absurdity. The romance of this whole matter is that you would like to marry Miss Forester, because once you nearly ran over her father, and another time rescued her from the midst of a fire-riot; the reality is that you can't marry her, or anybody else, who is not an heiress, because you have no income to support a wife, and I can't give you one without begging myself."

Manderson knew this was true. He had, in the enthusiasm of the moment, conceived a wild plan of bringing Julia home to his mother's; and hence had spoken, as we have seen, of going immediately to propose for her. He looked down abashed.

"So think no more of the young woman," resumed Mrs. Manderson, elated with her evident success. "It was a bit of pardonable folly, excusable perhaps for this once," she added, smiling. "Dismiss it, dream no more, be a man of the world, and marry Clara Owens after a while."

She had gone too far. She saw it at once. Her son snatched his arm from her hand, as if it had been the touch of a tempter, and elevating his commanding figure to its loftiest proportions, said, coldly,

"Mother, you treat me as a child. You talk as if I, at five and twenty, had no deeper feelings than a school boy. Nay! hear me out," he added, impatiently, seeing she was about to interrupt him. "I have been boyish, at least in one respect, for I forgot that a man is a fool to speak of marriage, till he has earned the right by making himself independent. I am not angry; do not look as if you thought I was; it was never my intention to encroach on your comforts; and only my thoughtlessness could have led me to say anything from which you could draw that

inference. Let there be no hard feelings between us, dear mother," he continued, kissing her hand. "But from this day forth, remember, I begin a new era in my life. I have heretofore trifled with existence, I will hereafter give myself to earnest labor. I will be the founder of my own fortunes."

The fond mother, though utterly skeptical, in her worldly wisdom, of the durability of these resolutions, could not but secretly admire the enthusiasm with which his words were spoken. She gazed a moment admiringly on her son's face, and then began to smile incredulously.

"And when you have won fortune, I suppose, you will offer yourself to Miss Forester."

"I will," replied the son, his eye meeting hers, and by its frank, high look awing down that skeptical expression.

"That is," added the mother, "if she has not forgotten you."

"She will not do that, if she loves me: and if she don't love me," he paused, and added quickly, "it won't matter."

"If she continues faithful," said Mrs. Manderson, half relenting at her son's emotion, "I will promise to receive her as a daughter. But with this stipulation, that you bind her by no promise meanwhile, for otherwise it will be no trial of her fidelity."

"I accept," said Manderson, eagerly. "Ah! mother, I shall have something now to work for, and work I will," he added, with energy.

"But meantime," said the mother to herself, "this designing creature, tired of waiting, and ignorant of the reward for her fidelity, will desert him. Or, if she really loves, she will feel hurt at this neglect, and so forget him." And the woman of the world congratulated herself on having outwitted her son, for his own good, as she conscientiously believed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JANE SAUNDERS.

FAR away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labors; but he loved to sit under the vines, and see the rich purple grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her little son, and often seating him upon her knee after the labor of the day was over, she told him of his father; how he was a good man and a brave soldier, who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked marching on to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was living still in a distant province; but though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sunbeams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long, dark journey alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted her child, murmuring, "I will not leave you forever; my son; we shall meet again—in my Father's house." She spoke no more—and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about

and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer; but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "she will not leave me forever; my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail, they left him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would overcome his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no change, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the grape-gatherers as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie with his arms clasped about the wooden cross upon his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and sere, and the snow rested upon the hills; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his wife nursed him tenderly; but during the tedious hours of illness his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, "we shall meet in my Father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the vallies, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down before the little cross, and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen, appeared a tiny blade struggling to pierce the crusted ground; the boy tenderly scraped aside the snow that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his lost mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave, he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a smile of hope beamed on his sad, pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers.

But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears; see how each snow white drop quivers upon its stem like a tear about to fall; his mother knows his sorrow and would console him thus."

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more; he loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending toward the earth.

The good cure, who dwelt among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still the words of his mother seemed ever present with him.

"We shall meet in my Father's house!"

And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the cure, said, firmly,

"My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her Father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good cure drew little Renie toward him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house where his mother awaited his coming; and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all-wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted.

As the kind teacher went on and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears, and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom, he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him; they are messengers sent to console us both; and when I tell my mother is gone home to her heavenly Father's house, he will not be angry with her any more, but will love me for her sake."

The good cure blessed the little boy; the

peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes; and then Renie, after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them; he regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him a kindness was rewarded by a little tuft; and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and softly opening a wicket gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man, who with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and with mournful voice and shaking head constantly murmured to himself,

"My child, my child! I have driven you from me, and now am broken-hearted. I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words; a gleam of joy illumined his heart; lifting his basket of flowers he stood before the old man, saying as he offered them,

"Grandfather, see, I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he had heard Renie's story and read the letter of the good cure, he clasped the child in his arms and shed over him tears of mingled penitent sorrow and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie with his grandfather went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the foot-prints of angels leading them on, and each one to whom Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them.

When the next spring time came, the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them, "Renie's consolation."

BERTHA.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

AT an unfrequented watering-place on the south coast of England, dwelt Mr. Bertrand Fitzsimon, a poor relation of an aristocratic family. But though poor, he was proud. The family was one of the oldest in England. Of course he held aloof from the gentry of the watering-place, except the few who were unquestionably rich.

There was one exception to this, however. Mr. Edgar, a young man of five and twenty, of whom nothing literally was known, was a welcome visitor at the Rosery. He owed this to having been the fortunate means of saving the life of Bertha, Mr. Fitzsimon's daughter, who would have been drowned but for him. What more was necessary to procure him an introduction to the family? No questions were asked about his pedigree. They saw he was a gentleman in manner; they knew that he had saved their daughter from a watery grave, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fitzsimon objected to his visits. He became as one of the family: and Bertrand soon discovered that he had money at command, and was not loath to lend it. Bertrand, on his part, was not loath to borrow—a characteristic which human nature will sometimes retain in spite of the longest pedigree.

There was something peculiar about Mr. Edgar, however, which the Fitzsimons ere long perceived. In spite of his cheerful air, his extensive acquaintance with books and with the wider page of life, and the openness of his manner, there was a scrutiny in his look, a guardedness of expression, a power to repel inquiry when anything that had the appearance of even leading to it was attempted, that was not satisfactory. But the strongest thing of all to the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimon, was the insensibility he displayed to Bertha's charms. This question had been much debated. Mr. Fitzsimon's hope of succeeding to the family estate was remote. The possessor was a man of his own age, and between them were three younger lives with a claim prior to our friend's. It was evident to him that Mr. Edgar was at all events rich. He had borrowed three hundred pounds of him, and the last hundred was lent as willingly as the first. Mr. Fitzsimon saw that this would not be a bad match for his daughter; Mrs. Fitzsimon coincided in his opinion; but Mr. Edgar showed no sign of

falling in love. It is true he accompanied her in many a walk over the sands; that he had overcome her fear of boating. But, according to Mrs. Fitzsimon, there was no love in the business; and the husband chagrined that he should have entertained the thought of a condescension which was not likely to be appreciated, coiled himself up in a more rigid exclusiveness than ever.

The most unlikely things will sometimes happen in this world. One morning, news came that the Fitzsimon in possession had broken his neck in a steeple chase. Within a month from this time, one by one, the three intervening lives departed this earthly scene, and Bertrand found himself owner of two estates. All was now bustle at the Rosery. Bertrand proceeded to Herefordshire to take possession, and Mrs. and Miss Fitzsimon were charged to prepare for a speedy departure to the metropolis. A week passed. Bertrand returned to the Rosery to conduct his wife and daughter to town. The day came, and Edgar called to bid them good-bye. He found Bertha alone.

"You will be glad to go to London," said he, after the usual greeting had been exchanged; "you have not spent a season there yet?"

"No," answered Bertha, laconically.

"You have much to see then; a new life and a very different one from that which you have led hitherto in this retirement. You will find much to amuse you; much to delight the eye, the senses; much to admire in the brilliancy of fashion, the works of art, the displays of genius, the theatres, the opera, and those attractions for which the metropolis is famous."

"Yes——" said she, melancholy, a faint smile curling her lip into one of its many phases of beauty.

"You will also," continued Edgar, "you will also find much——" He paused. "But why should I render that tasteless to you on which your heart is perhaps set." There was an expression on his face as he said this, which Bertha had remarked before—an expression partly sad, but more stern.

"No, no; tell me," cried she, for the first time since he had entered the room seeming to be cognizant of what was passing; "what else shall I find?"

"Too much that is hollow and insincere, notwithstanding a fair outside. Do not think that in changing this wild life amongst rocks and cliffs, and with the storms of winter ever and anon raging before your eyes, that all will be gain."

"I would rather remain here," she replied; "I have been happy in the midst of nature."

"And are there no attractions in the world that claim your affection?"

"Indeed," replied Bertha, artlessly, "I shall never forget the friends I have loved here; and least of all, Mr. Edgar, shall I ever forget *you*!" Bertha held out her hand to him. He took it, but with an abstracted air, as if his mind was busy in another direction.

"Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a pause, "we have spent so much time together, and interchanged so much thought, may I add feeling, that I am confident enough to say to you what I have not said to your father or to Mrs. Fitzsimon."

Bertha blushed; but no; he was not going to say what she expected.

"You have guessed there is a mystery about me. You have suspected it; and you are right. I am a man who, from my boyhood, have loved truth and sought after honesty. Where they were wanting, either in man or woman, I could see no virtue to compensate their absence, I have lived to be deceived by one who was utterly destitute of both. But what have you to do with this?" continued he, after a pause; "we will speak of something else."

"No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, so interested in what had fallen from Edgar, and her face so full of expression, that he thought she had never looked so lovely before.

"It is a long story, Miss Fitzsimon; but I perceive you partly guess it. I loved a woman whom I thought possessed of a heart as beautiful as her face: but, it was the face only was beautiful. From the time that I discovered my mistake, I withdrew from society, resolved to devote myself to those affections which books, the study of nature, and the wider phases of man's life supply. It was not long, however, ere I found that my heart was still alive enough to appreciate a more kindred love." Edgar paused, and turned his looked steadily on Bertha. Her large, expressive eyes were veiled in an instant by their scarce less lovely lids. A beautiful blush spread over her face, glowed for a moment, and then passed away.

"Bertha," cried Edgar, drawing closer to her, and taking her hand in his, "have you never suspected that I looked with no common admiration

on your charms, or that I regarded with a deeper respect the more engaging qualities of your nature? Have you not suspected I had more than an ordinary regard for you?"

"Yes;" Bertha certainly had suspected it.

"Have you never dreamt that I dared even to love you?"

"Yes," she had dreamt that too; though she saw no great daring about it.

"I love you!" he said, "yes, with my whole heart. Do I love in vain?"

As he said this he drew still closer to Bertha, who, suffering her hand to remain in his, permitted him even to fold his other arm around her waist. Just then footsteps were heard upon the stairs.

"Do I love in vain?" repeated Edgar.

He felt her arm timidly placed upon his shoulder.

"You will not forget me?" cried he.

"Never!"

A month passed, and the Fitzsimonses were settled in London. It was the height of the season; and Bertha found herself in a new world indeed, exceeding in splendor and in beauty the wildest paintings of her imagination.

One day, some two months after her arrival, while mechanically turning over some sheets of new music, and running her fingers along the keys of her instrument, the door of the drawing-room opened one morning, and the servant announced Mr. Edgar. Edgar himself followed.

Bertha rose, blushed, stammered. Edgar perceived her hesitation. He advanced, and held out his hand. She placed her's within it, and the courtesies of meeting were exchanged, but somewhat stiffly.

"You are altered, Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a time. "You have lost the ruddy health you brought to town with you. May I add, too, that in other respects I see a difference."

There was a melancholy in the tone in which he spoke that went at once to her heart. Altered! Yes; she was much altered. But whatever she might have said, was interrupted by the entrance of her father.

Mr. Fitzsimon had always held his head high, but now it was higher than ever. It seemed, indeed, as if his chin had usurped the position by nature allotted to his nose. As he stalked into the room, Edgar at once saw what reception he would have. Proceeding to the piano, he took Miss Fitzsimon by the hand, and leading her to the door, motioned her out, and closed it after her. Then returning—

"Mr. Edgar," said he, with an air of magnificence, which almost made our hero smile, "this

is very unseemly, sir; very indecorous and improper. You should have written had you wished to see me, and I should willingly have granted you an audience; but to take me by storm, to insist, as it were—though I hardly think your presumption could intend that—on forcing me to an interview—this is, I say, most indecorous, most unseemly."

Edgar was not taken aback; he knew his man, and expected nothing better from him.

"I have used this freedom with your leave before, Mr. Fitzsimon, and see no difference that two months can have made to render it indecorous now. I am not changed; are you?"

"Changed!" ejaculated Bertrand, in amazement at the man's reckless impertinence; "changed! Good God! am I to be addressed in this low, familiar manner, and asked if I am changed?"

"Remember, sir," replied Edgar, sternly, and resolved to give no quarter where he found none, "you are still the man whose daughter I saved from what would probably have been death; still the man who has done me the honor to become my debtor in a pecuniary sense."

"Sir," exclaimed Bertrand, insulted, that these reminiscences should be regarded otherwise than as favors conferred upon the person who had saved the child and lent the money, "you are gross; you are evidently an ignorant man, who has forgotten himself and his position. There," continued he, writing upon a card, "my agent's address, sir. Take your claim to him; and let me never see you in this house again." With these words, he issued from the room as magnificently as he had entered it.

All this was nothing to Edgar. He had gauged the man before. But Bertha! Was she changed too. Again he had set his faith upon a woman, and was he deceived? Would she not steal to see him again? He paused, listened—no sound. Why did he expect it? He had marked her hesitation. He saw the blush of confusion with which she welcomed him, as if she was too proud to meet him heartily, yet too young to be wholly ungrateful. Was she coming? No! He took his hat; descended the stairs, wrapt in sorrowful mood, and in a minute more found himself in the street.

And had Bertha forgotten him? Not quite. Her confusion at meeting him was in truth only natural. She saw the insult her father intended, and almost sank with shame at the double ingratitude with which the friend of a less fortunate period was treated. The hall door had hardly closed behind him after his departure when she despatched her servant with the following note:—

"Dear Mr. Edgar.—Whoever else may be ungrateful, do not doubt that there is one in this house who can never forget you. So long as you value this assurance, believe it, BERTHA."

Edgar walked moodily along. He thought of what unadorned merit has to suffer in this world; and as his thoughts grew warmer, and his indignation rose higher, he walked the faster. Bertha's maid would much rather have been Bertha's mistress. A steam-engine could not get her to walk out of what she considered a becoming pace, nor could all the world have induced her to run. Perhaps she might have made a little more haste had Edgar been a "lord," or even a "sir;" but, as it was, she saw him gradually increase the distance between them till he entered the park. She pursued him, but in vain. Giving up the pursuit; she resolved to return home; and, as Bertha had ordered her on no account to come back without having delivered the letter, she further resolved to say that she had done so.

Bertha's mind was accordingly composed, and in due time she betook herself to her toilet. In less than an hour she was dressed for the evening, and the carriage being announced, the Fitzsimons drove off to Lady Harriet Temple's. There was a dinner party and also an evening party; they joined both: but what was Mr. Fitzsimons' confusion to find himself sitting *vis-a-vis* to his friend Edgar. Had the fellow lent her ladyship money, too? No; he was too much at home to be merely there on tolerance. More than that, there was an evident deference paid toward him, and—what!—was it possible that Bertrand heard aright!

"Lord Edgar"—"my lord"—"your lordship."

"And where and in what incognito has my fitful cousin been for the last six months? What have you been about, sir?" demanded Lady Harriet.

"Looking for honesty and truth," replied he.

"I hope you found them, my lord?" inquired Sir Charles Wilmot, with a laugh.

"I am not sure," he answered; "perhaps, 'yes,' possibly, 'no.'"

Did his eye wander toward Bertha as he said this? She thought so, and her heart beat rapidly. She thought of the letter. She rejoiced that he had received it before she had become acquainted with his true position. Not for the whole world would she have written it had she believed Mr. Edgar to have been Lord Temple. And yet, was it not strange that he should not address a single word to her; that his eyes should not be turned toward her; that after dinner he should neither seek her out to dance with him, nor ask her to sing one of those airs which had been such

favorites with him before? Hours passed away; and, finally, Mrs. Fitzsimon bade her hostess good night. The husband and Bertha followed the example. Lord Edgar was standing beside Lady Harriet. Fitzsimon bowed to him, a most gracious bow, which the other acknowledged by the slightest inclination of his head. But on Bertha he did not waste a glance. What could it mean?

"We shall be happy to see your lordship," said Mrs. Fitzsimon, from whom alone the invitation could come with any grace.

"I shall do myself the honor of calling," replied his lordship, in a tone tinged, as Bertha thought, with sarcasm. But he took no notice of her.

She slept little that night, and the morning found her pale and weary.

It was at two o'clock, as her maid was about to give herself an airing in the Park, which she did about that hour generally, to disembarass her mind for a few moments of the afflicting duties of her position, that the hall door opened, and Mr. Edgar gave his card to the porter, inquiring for Miss Fitzsimon. The card was handed to the maid, which, when the maid read, it produced a revulsion in her economy that no permissible language can express. Turning round, and bowing at each step she took, lost in a maze of wonder and admiration, she led him to the drawing-room, and was about to hurry to her young mistress, when the thought of the letter occurred to her. Fortunately, she had not burnt it. Withdrawing it from her pocket she presented it with a triumphant air, as if she had been pursuing his lordship ever since yesterday and had run him down at last. Having performed this feat, she rushed off to her young mistress, who immediately fell into the most delightful agitation. Pins were in demand; frills and bijouterie; and ere Bertha was presentable, ten minutes had passed away.

In the meantime Lord Temple had opened the letter, read it, and attributed its professions of fidelity to the discovery that he was "Lord Edgar," and not "Mr. Edgar." The doubt of which till now he had given Bertha the benefit, was now clearly against her. It grated painfully upon the refined sensibilities of such a man, that so young and beautiful a girl should display such matronly craft; and that she should pretend to address him as "dear Mr. Edgar." The whole thing was evidently got up. Ineffably disgusted, he felt that his affair with Bertha was now utterly at an end. Why should he trouble her for an interview? No.

As Bertha was descending to the drawing-

room, Lord Edgar was descending to the hall; and just as our heroine entered the drawing-room, his lordship issued into the street.

What did all this mean? Bertha rang for her maid. The maid was equally puzzled. Passing rapidly from one thought to another, Bertha's mind at last turned to the letter.

"You are certain you gave it to him, yesterday? If you failed, you have ruined me!"

"Oh, certain, Miss!" responded the maid, with a most determined resolution to stick to it.

But just then Bertha's eye fell on some torn scraps of paper, which were strewed upon the ground. The suspicion flashed across her mind that these were the fragments of her letter, and that it had not been delivered yesterday. Her own handwriting soon assured her of the former fact. Turning to her maid with a firm look that alarmed her the more from the death-like paleness of her face—

"You did not deliver it yesterday?" she said.

"No!" after a pause, responded the maid, trembling in every limb.

Bertha slowly reascended to her chamber.

It was not without pain that Temple came to the conclusion that Bertha was calculating and selfish, like the rest of the world. The one hope which had bound him to society was broken, and he felt inclined to abjure that faith in high things which had so much ennobled his character.

He had wandered into the garden. Rain was beginning to fall, and he entered one of the boxes. A long and noble avenue of trees was before him, and on the green turf, at their feet, a flock of sheep cropped the grass. There was no one near him, and he exclaimed,

"Nature, thou alone art true; true in beauty, true in fidelity to your destiny. It is summer, and you wear the livery of joy, bright, shining, smiling; filling the eye with beauty, the heart with gladness. Winter comes, and again you are like the time, true to it—ever faithful to the marriage vow which has bound you to the revolving year. Man alone is false; woman, beautiful and false!"

As he looked out upon the scene his mind was so deeply absorbed with these thoughts that he did not hear the footsteps which approached. They paused, came on again a little; paused again. He heard them not. Again they came on, and some one entered and set down. The rain was increasing, but Temple wished to be alone. He rose and stepped forth.

Good heaven! what voice was that? Who was it pronounced his name, in a tone so low and so sweet that it seemed to touch his very heart? He turned. The lady had risen and was standing

before him. She raised her veil a little and Temple beheld Bertha, her face pale and her lips quivering with emotion. In wonder he rushed back to her.

"Miss Fitzsimon," he said, softly, when she had sat down again, "what does this mean; or do I meet you again by accident?"

"No," she replied, recovering herself after a while, and loosing her hand from his. "I have followed you, I came on purpose. You have received a letter from me."

"I have to acknowledge that honor," returned Temple, coldly—the very thought of the letter chilling him in an instant.

Bertha remarked the change. She could no longer control her feelings.

"You have wronged me," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Wronged you, Miss Fitzsimon; I believe, on the contrary, that I have to complain."

"You believe then," she continued, calming herself, "that I have condescended, out of deference to your rank, to pretend a part I had not played; to pre-date a letter in order to represent myself in a different light from that in which you viewed me, and that I supported this forgery by addressing you in your feigned name, when I had become aware of your real one. No! I have not done that. I wrote upon the instant, stung with shame at the ingratitude with which your friendship in less prosperous hours was repaid. My servant betrayed me. She failed to deliver that letter until after your true position had been revealed to us."

"Good heaven," exclaimed Temple.

"I do not ask you to believe me," replied Bertha, with a mixed expression of pride and scorn. "Nor have I followed you with any other aim but this—to free myself from an imputation under which I could not live. You will pardon my boldness, my lord. Perhaps I have the greater right to your consideration, since it might have been expected that you would have sought this explanation, not I."

Bertha rose to depart. Temple detained her.

"You are not less a gentleman, I trust," said she, proudly, "than when you appeared nothing more than one. Let my hand go, and suffer me to depart."

"But oh, Bertha, is this all; is nothing more to be said?"

"Nothing."

"But, by me! Yes! Much, if it were as easy to say as to know what we ought to say. You will not leave me? Listen to me."

He attempted to place his arm round her waist. She repulsed him.

"But stay, Bertha. Good heaven, you cannot be so cruel, so relentless."

He again folded his arm round her, but again she removed it.

"By the happy hours that we have spent together——"

"They are passed," exclaimed Bertha, lifting up her large and beautiful eyes, to withdraw them from his gaze.

"But not their memory, nor the love—in me, at least—which they engendered. Are they wholly dead in you, Bertha?"

He looked at her; a tear started from her eye, stood on her cheek a moment, and then rolled off upon his hand. Temple kissed it away. The rain came down in torrents.

"Look back, look back," he exclaimed, "to the last hour we spent together. Can that be forgotten—that promise never to forget me? Go back still further. I saved your life, Bertha."

He paused, and once more had enfolded her with his arm, which her hand was about to remove, when he caught it in his, and pressed it with all a lover's fervor.

"Bertha, dear Bertha, I love you! Before heaven, I love nothing in the world but you. Be generous; be honest! Have you ceased to respect me?"

"No."

"Nor to love me, Bertha——"

His arm was tightened round her waist; her hand rested contentedly in his; nay, he thought once that slightly—very slightly—it even returned his pressure. Again she suffered herself to be resented, and gradually her cheek came nearer to his.

"Nor to love me?" once more asked our hero.

There are looks that say more than words; murmurs, more expressive than articulate sounds.

Three months after this, Lord Edgar and Bertha sat again in that arbor—man and wife.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

SWEET Jean Struthers, but a very humble peasant girl was she, and so she ought to have been, for the rich can purchase the comforts of this life, but the poor can ill afford to do without the blessings brought by a character such as her's. She was the very light of her old grandfather's life, with her gentle, soothing ways and pious love for him, and he drank in with thankfulness the low tones of her voice, and the very hum of her wheel seemed to him like music.

None in all the parish was venerated more than Robert Struthers, none loved more than his grand-daughter. The old man was barely able to eke out a subsistence from the piece of inhospitable soil which he owned and tilled; and Jean's delicate health prevented her from taking any active part in the out-door work, usual in her country and station.

But the good matrons in the neighborhood, not daring to offer openly assistance to a man and girl, grand in their integrity and honest pride, found spinning and knitting enough for Jean to do, to add considerably to their very small income. Her chief dependance for this work was on Mrs. Grahame, of the manse, and Mrs. Stuart, the widow of a neighboring laird; and many must have been their messages in reference to it, for Allan Grahame and Angus Stuart were constantly at old Robert Struthers' under this pretext.

The two youths were only restrained by Jean's gentle presence from an open outbreak of rivalry. But her voice and smile had wonderful fascination for them, and as the two watched her by the glowing fire-light, pacing backward and forward by her large, old-fashioned wheel, with her right arm gracefully extended keeping it in motion, and the left hand lightly holding the soft roll that grew into such fine yarn under her dexterity, the waving motion of her figure, the drowsy hum of the wheel, the venerable figure of old Robert Struthers by the ingle-nook, and the little room lighted only by the warm fire-light, soothed the two in spite of themselves.

The young laird was of too restless and impetuous a disposition to sit quietly, so he amused himself by entangling Jean's rolls, teasing her pet cat, or reeling off the yarn which she had spun; but the minister's son ensconced himself

in the corner of the fire-place opposite the grandfather, and repeated stirring stories of Bruce and Wallace, or mournful ballads of the Duke of Argyle, or sung in his clear, rich voice to the dreamy music of the wheel, the favorite hymns of the stern old Covenanters, which had so often re-echoed among the rocks in the neighborhood.

They had all been playfellows together. Angus Stuart had even fought the battles of his delicate little companion, and loved her with all the impetuosity of his nature. Allan Grahame had gathered the earliest flowers for her, had trained her pet birds, given her a taste for the ballads and stories he was so constantly repeating, and unknown to himself till now, had laid all his wealth of unselfish love on her altar.

One afternoon, as Jean and her grandfather were returning from a neighboring village, with a number of others, a loving altercation took place at a little brook which was to be forded, as to whom should ride Thistle, the old pony.

"Grandfather, you ride and take little Lizzy Moore on the pony too," persisted Jean.

"Yes, and I'll carry Jean," said Allan Grahame, who with some others was just behind.

"You? liver face!" broke in Angus Stuart, contemptuously, "you'll not touch her, for I'll carry her over myself," and he was about placing his arm around her waist, when she said,

"Oh, don't you remember how you used both to carry me 'Lady o' London' when I was little; if you won't let me walk, I'd rather be taken over that way."

The two rivals joined hands firmly. Jean seated herself, and they stepped into the water. By her ordinary manner none could have told to which she gave the preference; yet now the careless way in which she hung her arm over Allan Grahame spoke too much of the sister's calm affection; whilst the stronger weight borne on Angus Stuart's shoulder as he gazed up into her face, and the care she took of his cap told eloquently, though unconsciously of her choice.

In truth there was something in the disposition of the minister's son too much like her own, for her to regard him otherwise than a dear brother; whilst in the strong, self-reliant nature of the young laird, her yielding, dependant character found something to cling to and support it.

The brook was crossed, and all three passed on their homeward way amicably enough, each lover satisfied that himself was preferred.

The summer time had now come, and the fields were golden and purple with gorse and heather; the bees dipped in and out of patches of bloom with a sleepy music; birds sung, and soared, and tended their young; and flowers bloomed in sweet luxuriance: and yet among all this life and beauty, Jean Struthers' voice grew lower and her step more feeble as the season advanced. Old Robert Struthers looked on with an anxious heart. Alas! alas! he knew the symptoms too well. His wife and all his children seemed to have melted away beneath his sight, just so, and now this ewe-lamb of the poor man, this one comfort and treasure he possessed, was to be taken also.

But there was the making of a mystic in the white haired old man; he gave no outward sign of all this, but nursed and caressed his granddaughter with mother-like care, leading her gently along by still streams to the shadows of the dark valley, yet grappling with his own grief in stern silence.

And the two lovers met no longer at the cottage ingle as they had of old. Each knew that a greater rival was to bear away his bride; and the shadow of his skeleton hand effaced hope and bitterness together.

September had come with its warm days and chilly nights, to rack the frame of the poor invalid; and field and hill side were yet golden and purple, and the water gurgled around the stones in the burn close by the cottage, yet Jean Struthers saw none of this as she lay upon a couch by her chamber window, with the white curtains floating over her. The rich hues of the autumn sunset were streaming in upon her, forming a kind of halo around her face; and by her bed stood her grandfather and the minister, whilst Angus Stuart and Allan Grahame were on either side of her, holding each a hand. Sweet smiles flitted across her face as she said, joining their hands together,

"I know you'll love each other for my sake," and at the very gates of eternity by which she stood, true love, the unselfish bowed its head and dared not ask for more.

With a gentle smile she dismissed her lovers from her bed and called her grandfather. The old man went and knelt down by her, and as she stroked her hand over his thin, white locks, a moisture gathered in her blue eye, as she now thought of his lonely life to come. The good minister saw this, and knelt down and prayed that she might enter into the dark valley calmly, with a mind divested of all fears, and even whilst pouring out this supplication, Robert Struthers felt the hand which lay upon his head become cold and heavy, yet he stirred not, for he knew that she had blessed him in death, as she had ever done in life.

For several minutes there was a breathless silence over the little chamber, for the awe of the Great Mystery was upon all; then Angus Stuart went to the bed, kissed the cold lips passionately, and rushed from the house. The strong youth upon whose strength Jean had perhaps unwittingly relied, had no more control over himself than a little child; while Allan Grahame, the visionary and dreamer, knelt and whispered,

"It is good for me to be afflicted, 'Thy will not mine be done.'"

On a still Sabbath afternoon, a little band wound into the quiet kirk-yard, and filled a grave beneath a dark yew tree; and after all others had departed, a white headed old man and two youths stood side by side and wept, and talked of Jean, and the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers, and the murmur of the burn and bees which she had loved so much, that would steal here in summer; and then they embraced and parted. Oh, Death, thou Sanctifier.

The autumn passed, and the winter came with storms and bleak winds from the hill side, and the first snow lay like a winding sheet about two graves under the yew tree, and the little cottage by the burn side was tenantless.

LOVE DREAMS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I HAD been, one evening in summer, to visit a family of friends, who lived in the country. I have said a *family* of friends, and though they were indeed such, my conscience, a very tender one, convicts me of inaccuracy in the statement. I will, therefore, at once candidly make the confession, that had it not been for the bright, lustrous, divinely beautiful eyes of Serena, the *family* might not, perhaps, have enjoyed the pleasure of my society. Having by this bestowal of confidence propitiated my reader, I shall count upon the friendly lenity of his judgment for the history of the strange events which befell me during my courtship. I entreat him to be good-naturedly credulous, for being a timid person, the least doubt of my veracity would embarrass me, and I should be unable to proceed in my narration.

On the particular evening, of which I was about to speak, I was not Serena's only visitor; a whiskered young officer, Major B——, was also with her, and, as I thought, making himself much too busy about my flower—my beautiful Serena; I could not but compare him to an ugly yellow-jacket, or fierce wasp, concerning himself with a white lily.

As I sat, rather neglected, on a sofa opposite to the musicians, I had nothing better to do than to amuse myself by wishing ill wishes to the object of my jealous resentment. Might I not by a dexterous, and apparently casual movement of my foot at the right moment, trip him up as he stooped for a music-book? How delightful, if, by an awkward fall, he should change Serena's smiles into laughter! Or could I not, unsuspected, jerk aside the chair, round the leg of which the top of my walking-stick was hooked, just as he was about to seat himself? I rejected this idea as too vulgar and ill-bred, "but confound the fellow!" I muttered, as he opened wide his mouth to emit a fine note, "I wish I dared thrust the end of my walking-stick into the spacious cavern disclosed to view!"

All this while I had held a little apple in my hand, of the kind called lady-apple, which I had plucked from an orchard on my way to Serena's, and my attention being diverted a moment from the singers I was examining its bright colors, and passing it from hand to hand. A loud and prolonged note from the major's throat caused

me to look up, and I saw his jaws distended to their utmost extent. In a flash, before I had time for a thought, (to this hour I know not whether it was myself or Satan did the deed) the apple sped from my hand with too true an aim, and the long-drawn note ended with a sudden—chug!

The ludicrous appearance my rival presented at this moment induced an irrepressible fit of laughter, and perceiving that my only safety lay in retreat, I rushed from the room before the bewildered major had recovered from his astonishment.

I sped swiftly homeward, half expecting to be pursued, but hearing no sounds behind me, I gradually slackened my pace, and finally loitered along quite lazily over the fields, looking at the sky, which began to present a very singular appearance. Rays of light were shooting from the horizon upward, and back again, with inconceivable brilliancy and quickness. I knew it was an effect of the "northern lights," but I had never before seen anything of the kind at all comparable in splendor, and brilliancy, to the magnificent spectacle on which I was gazing. A rose colored light shone at the zenith, and rays, as of fire spread out from it, like a great umbrella, reaching half down the heavens. Shifting vapors of all hues were flitting swiftly across the sky. Never before, and never since, have I beheld a sight so wonderful—so glorious!

When I again looked toward the horizon, I observed that the spear-like rays had come nearer to me, and straining my eyes, I perceived dimly, huge, vague forms behind these silver rays, which I now saw were spears of shining silver. Higher up I discerned other clouds—like forms, apparently opposing those below, for the spears were darting back and forth between them with lightning-like rapidity.

I turned my wondering eyes again to the zenith. From the centre of the rosy light—just where the flame colored beams met, like a flower's leaves in the middle, an angelic face gleamed for an instant, and was gone! I pressed my hand to my eyes, doubting my senses, for it seemed to me that the starry eyes of Serena had shone upon me!

Meanwhile the cloudy combatants had approached me yet more nearly, and were still

advancing; suddenly I found myself in the midst of a wild hurly-burly. Huge, vague forms were flitting confusedly, though hurriedly by, and glittering spears flashed incessantly about me. All at once I felt myself lifted and whirled suddenly upward, like a leaf carried on high by a gale. Dizzy and confounded, I knew not what happened for a few moments, but when I recovered myself, I was lying in perfect safety and security upon a pile of clouds which floated in upper air. Strange as my situation was, still more strangely, I felt no alarm, or even scarcely astonishment at it. I was as much at my ease, reclining on my ethereal couch as though I had left behind me my material part, and was there a spirit only.

Meanwhile I watched curiously to see what would follow. I perceived that the lower row of combatants had risen, (probably carrying me with them in their ascent) and having joined their former opponents, they were now soaring, cloud-like, still farther upward. I saw them ascend to the brilliant centre, where I had seen the angelic face, and return bearing a nymph, or fairy, or angel, (I know not what to call her) upon a rose colored shield, which resembled a radiating cloud. I could not see the face of this angelic maiden, for it was turned from me, but her form was of exquisite beauty, and I could discern that the lovely, graceful head was surrounded by a circlet of stars. From my hiding-place I watched her with great and peculiar interest, for, strange as it may seem, she in some way unaccountably reminded me of my earthly angel—Serena.

The elu-l-heroes had disappeared, I knew not when or how, and a scene of wonderful beauty now presented itself. From all the surrounding clouds the most exquisite little beings began to emerge. Their misty, floating robes were of all hues—blue, purple, golden, pink, grey and white. They soared fleetly about from cloud to cloud, and from space to space, each bearing a long wand burning at one end. I soon perceived that they were lighting up the stars, of which nothing had previously been visible. Their task done, they came floating and dancing back, and formed a circle round the lovely lady who yet reclined upon her couch of rosy vapors.

Turning partly round, she said in a voice so sweetly familiar that it made me start,

"Ah, why were you so late in coming; I expected you sooner?"

I knew not why, but I seemed to feel an inward consciousness that these words were addressed to me—but the bright circle made answer. Another moment, and the fairy forms were scattered again

—they darted off, here, there, everywhere to seek their pleasures. Some flew to sport among the stars, others merely floated serenely on the pure azure, but most of them began a lively game of hide and seek in the clouds; generally hiding, as I observed, in clouds of the same color as their garments. One little angel in white I had noticed with particular admiration. She was the prettiest, archest little fairy that ever danced on a wreath of mist; a beautiful face had she, and a dainty waist, that, airy as it was, might well tempt a mortal, and unspiritual embrace. I trembled with pleasure as I saw her skip to the cloud in which I was in search of a hiding-place. She nestled herself down quite near me—only a little mist between us! I could resist now no more than in a late case of temptation, and stretching out my arms I caught my fairy within them.

My triumph was of short duration. Instantly all became wild confusion, and I felt myself falling, falling, till from the dizzy, whirling motion my senses forsook me. I awoke with a shock, and found myself lying on the hill-top, much bruised, as though by a fall, and with a brain bewildered by the strange sights I had seen, or dreamt about. It was now daylight, and sitting on the turf I slowly recalled to memory the occurrences of the preceding night. I tried to convince myself that I had been dreaming, but the events seemed too vivid and real to have been merely dreamed, and certain very unmistakable bruises perplexed me, and left me still more in doubt.

The subject, however, haunted me all day, and at night fall, full of wild musings and fantastic thoughts, I took my way to Serena. As I approached the house I heard the sound of music, and I thought, with a jealous pang, that my detested rival was with her. I crept softly to the low, open window and looked in; there sat my beloved, alone, at her harp—her beautiful up-raised eyes glistening with the emotion her own music excited. The instant I looked at her, the angel face I had seen at the zenith returned forcibly to my mind; round Serena floated a robe of pink gauze, which perhaps increased the fancied resemblance. I gazed at her silently—rapturously. She seemed to me to be of super-human beauty and goodness. At last, unable longer to restrain myself, I exclaimed, "Serena!" and sprang toward her. She half turned her head and said, without looking at me,

"Is it you? You are late in coming. I expected you sooner."

The simple words seemed to thrill through my whole being—I felt a shiver of mysterious awe creep over me.

I know not what I replied, but something wild and incoherent I am sure, for Serena smiled, and said I must be dreaming.

I spent an hour or two of delicious love delirium by the side of my adored, whose eyes I thought seemed to read the love messages freely sent by mine, and sometimes to return sweet responses. When I rose to go, she came with me into the garden, and as we passed a jessamine vine I pulled a long flowing spray, which I twined round her graceful head. Scarcely had I done so, however, when again a feeling of mysterious awe returned to me. The white star-like flowers in Serena's dark curls gleamed in the moonlight, like *real* stars, and a light appeared to stream from her face transfiguring it.

"Angell! Serena!" I cried, "look thus forever! It was thus I saw you last night upop your rosy cloud, surrounded by your fairy maidens. Attempt not to disguise it—you it was, you alone, whom I saw last night!"

"That you saw me last night, I have no doubt," said Serena, after a pause, "since I had the pleasure of a visit from you and Major B——," she smiled roguishly, "but what you can mean by talking of rosy clouds, and fairies, I am at a loss to imagine."

"Nonsense, Serena," cried I, quite impatiently, "you *must* know what I mean; your's was certainly the face I saw at the zenith, surrounded by the rosy rays!"

Serena opened her bright eyes, and looked astonished—she certainly began to entertain doubts of my sanity. After a little thoughtful pause, she laughed—

"I am happy to have been the subject of your dreams," she said.

Had I indeed been dreaming? I began to think so—I could not tell, but if so, willingly would I have dreamt forever, for never had I been so happy.

In rather an absent mood I parted from Serena, and turned homeward. I wished, as I went along, indeed I almost *expected*, that something would occur to enable me to renew the dreams or realities, whichever they might be, of the previous night. I looked again and again to the heavens, all was serene and peaceful—the stars gleamed out as usual, and thin vapory clouds were sweeping by as I had often seem them, but there was nothing of the strange appearances of the night before—nothing supernatural save the mysterious beauty and grandeur of the starry heavens, which are, at all times, enough to awe the observing mind almost into fear. As I came to the barren hill I could not help lingering, but nothing happened, and I went slowly homeward.

All the next day, while I was at my work, the vision of Serena as I saw her the night before, with her jessamine wreath of stars, haunted me. I loved her with unspeakable tenderness, and now more intensely than ever before.

At sunset I set off impatiently to seek my dream love, as I called Serena to myself, determined to beseech her to share the burden of infinite love, which was becoming too great for my finite heart to bear alone.

The clouds were uncommonly gorgeous, tinged by the rays of the sinking sun, and I watched their changing hues as I walked along. When I came to the summit of the well-remembered hill I lay down on my back, and shading my eyes with my hand, looked up to see them, and peer into their depths as I had loved to do from childhood. I remained thus gazing and dreaming, as one will when so occupied, till the sun had long gone down. The glory had departed from the clouds, and grey shades, and streaks of mist began to appear in the valley. Suddenly I sprang to my feet with a startled feeling, and a certain consciousness that something strange was about to happen. Looking down, I saw the fog forming in the valley, in huge, heavy masses, like the cumbrous white clouds we see in summer. Slowly they began to roll up the hill—on they came to my very feet. They encompassed me on every side—I could see nothing but mist, and already as I looked about me I seemed to have left the earth, and to be in upper air. But presently I felt a soft, delicious motion. I sank back, and closing my eyes, I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure imparted by the dreamy, floating motion; even curiosity was suspended till I felt my cloud-car become stationary; then looking about me, I saw all around dimly visible the same giant, misty forms I had seen before. Black shades thickened on all sides, but whether they were clouds, or throngs of these same shapeless giants, I could not determine.

While I lay pondering and observing, thunders began to roll—at first faintly—then with terrific violence. Lightnings were hurled in every direction without a moment's cessation, and wild, tempestuous, phantom forms swept by. Awed and trembling, I gazed on the raging storm around, below, and above me, but I felt no harm, and after a time the tumult subsided. Little by little, all grew more and more quiet, more and more serene, till the silence of another world seemed around me. The moon came out in her lovely glory, and tipped all the clouds with silver, scattering the few black ones that were disposed to linger. I emerged a little from my resting-place and looked down. There lay the world

before me sleeping in the moonlight. Oh, how still and beautiful it looked with its gleaming waters, and here and there sparkling lighted cities glittering in the darkness. My attention was recalled by a sight which absorbed me altogether.

Two long lines of maidens, robed in misty white, appeared floating in the clear air; as they passed I perceived that they were drawing by a fine starry chain, a cloud, shaped like a car, in which was seated the same lovely being I had seen before. As she passed, she turned her face full toward me, and I beheld—Serena!

I sprang forward, and spreading out my arms, cried,

“Serena! Serena! Leave me not here! Thine am I now, and forever!”

A smile of heavenly beauty stole over the angel face, and stretching out her hand, my dream love placed me beside her. On we floated like disembodied spirits, while a feeling of ecstasy, indescribable and unutterable, pervaded my being; heaven itself seemed entered.

Then I stood with my companion in what looked like a dim, vast, misty cathedral; long vistas, and rows of faintly defined columns were visible in wondrous beauty and order. Before me rose the altar to this heaven-built church.

Serena was still beside me, and looking at her full of doubt and wonder, I saw that her head

was encircled by the starry jessamine wreath my own hands had placed there. Her eyes met mine, and taking my hand in her's, she raised both together toward heaven, as though in attestation of a solemn vow. At this moment sounds like the music of the spheres floated by, and I exclaimed in a sort of ecstatic delirium,

“The morning stars are singing together!”

What happened after this I know not—I was conscious of nothing more, till, next morning, I opened my eyes and found myself lying cold and wet upon the barren hill-top.

The evening of the same day, with feelings almost of solemnity, I took my way to seek Serena. As I walked along, heaven and earth glowed in perfect beauty and peace, and a deep serenity and happiness fell upon my heart.

As I entered Serena's garden, she came out to meet me robed in silvery white, and in her hair gleamed a wreath of jessamine stars. I felt as I gazed at her that she was all in all to me—my heart yearned with unspeakable tenderness toward her.

Looking earnestly at her, I said with emotion, “Serena! Serena! Leave me not alone in the world! Thine am I, now and evermore!”

She took my offered hand in her's, and while her tearful eyes were raised, said solemnly,

“Thine, too, am I, wholly and eternally—I feel that our souls were united in heaven.”

A DAY AT OLYMPUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

THE time of the singing of the birds, the spring time of the year, had come. Softness and delight were in the air; and a rich purple glow was on the hills and in the vallies. The trees were still, like sentinels. Not a bough, hardly a leaf stirred. But there was the busy hum of newly awakened insect life; and the full, prolonged strains of the birds gushed out on every hand. The streams ran tinkling along; and mirrored faultlessly the blue sky, the white cloud, and the bordering trees—many of them leafless as yet, but aglow in the soft coloring of budding beauty. It was still everywhere that day among the dwellers on the earth; for even in the town, the softening influences were not wholly unfelt. Visions of green fields and woods, and yearnings to stray therein, went through and through many a brain. Even at Olympus new exhilaration was felt. Minerva passed out and in, in the morning hours, from one room to another, and from the rooms to the gardens among the pillars and vines; and wherever she went she had beaming eyes and thoroughly glorified mien. Venus plucked flowers and feather-like leaves and wrought them together into wreaths and crowns. If she passed a pillar she twined a wreath about it; and if she met a goddess or a nymph, she set a crown gracefully on her head. Truly Minerva and Venus *should* have been very happy on that glorious spring day. But as we mortals must almost always do somewhere in the midst of our best times, they sighed now and then as the day advanced; Minerva, that disquiets must so often come into the life that would be so beautiful and good, if her own heart and the hearts of Juno and of all the rest of the gods and goddesses, were worthy of that calm sky, that glowing expanse of hill, vale and stream; Venus, that—why, that Vulcan had not a little, just a little more grace; that his feet must be so utterly uncouth, and so feeble in their services. It was so bad in a drawing-room among the rest of the gods who were so elegant! Heigh-ho. And Venus threw away a whole handful of choicest flowers and turned to the palace with languid steps; as if it were, after all, not worth while walking or doing anything, since her husband had such inelegance; and sighing,

"heigh-ho—heigh-ho—I wish it were different! If it were only different!"

She sauntered into a long, long court; (you of Philadelphia have no conception of the length and breadth of that court, of the interminable vistas through the oleanders, myrtles, fountains and graceful architecture,) and there she found Minerva sitting pensively, with her head leaning against a pillar. If any of my readers believe that she had mild and well-pleased eyes on any of the beautiful vistas, or on the grand landscape stretching afar, and seen through the lofty windows and doors which were opened wide that day to the spring airs, they must be told, that, on the contrary, she only saw a dark stain on the carpet where Ganymede had that day upset a nectar flagon. She only thought that if Ganymede would be a little more careful, and if all the rest would be a little more careful, she need not be forever working carpets and tapestries; she might then study the philosophers to her heart's content, and grow wise, and improve herself indefinitely. So Minerva too said, heigh-ho! and sighed, and turned her eyes away to the grand landscape without seeing it.

Venus heard the sigh as she came along, tugging with impatient fingers at her girdle.

"Minerva!" said she, stopping before that goddess, and mechanically tearing a vine that touched her shoulder. "Minerva! did you ever think that, after all, there isn't anything in all Olympus that is worth one feather out of that owl's wing? There isn't, depend upon it!"

"But if we all were wiser, Venus! We spend our time in such a poor way! I've been thinking about it as I sat here; and I know that one may try *fetes* and flowers forever and ever; but one does not find a real, enduring kind of pleasure until one comes to be thoroughly learned and wise. I so long, on this account, to know all things!"

"Ah, ho!" laughed pretty little Venus, with a shrug. "I confess that sounds queer! I think I could be content if—now don't tell anybody, Minerva!" cuddling up close to Minerva, and clasping her arm in both her child-like hands. "Don't tell! but if Vulcan were a little handsomer! Do you know? I am sometimes fairly

ashamed of him; especially when Mars and Apollo are about. Don't tell now! Here let me put this spray of laurel in your hair. There, that's fine!" setting herself off at arm's length to look at her.

"Good-bye, Minerva! I'm gone!" And she glided gracefully away amongst the vines and pillars.

I wonder if my readers, many of them, know what the good German philosopher, Fichte, says of this discontent that must always be coming in; that infected Minerva and Venus; that infects us all more or less at times.

"And thus they long and wex away their life; in every condition in which they find themselves, thinking that if it were but *otherwise* with them it would be better with them, and then when it has become otherwise, discovering that it is not better; in every position they occupy for the moment, believing that if they had but attained yonder height on which their eye is gazing, they would be freed from their anguish, but finding nevertheless, even on the desired height, their ancient sorrow.

"And thus does the poor child of eternity, cast forth from his native home, and surrounded on all sides by his heavenly inheritance, which yet his trembling hand fears to grasp, wander with fugitive and uncertain step throughout the waste, everywhere laboring to establish for himself a dwelling-place, but happily ever reminded by the speedy downfall of each of his succeeding habitations, that he can find peace nowhere but in his Father's house."

And when Fichte talks here of "the Father's house," he is not thinking of the home beyond the grave. For "the Father dwelleth in us." Within ourselves is the fair inheritance, within our own souls. And if we look this way and that to find it in learning, or in elegant husbands with graceful feet, or in houses and lands, we look and search in vain. We find the learning and the lands, 'tis true. But we are still looking farther and in other directions. Our life is just as hollow as it was before; and must ever be, until we learn to sit quietly and look within our own souls.

It was very still among the dwellers in the country, on that early spring day; for busy men let go the wonted hurry of their steps, looked away on wood and hill, and thought a while of the unseen power that every spring time revivifies this ever old, ever new world. While they looked and listened, as if they might see or hear some of the slow works that went on in the lands about, they felt great thoughts going through them—of life, of Him who gave it to them; of

death, and of the renewed life beyond; of its long, long course; of its delights for the guileless and loving-hearted child, of its rest and peace for the purified and strengthened man and woman, who come to it with the cross at their feet, and the crown of well-doing on their heads. They, the busy men of the earth, felt then that the life of the soul, begun here and carried on beyond the valley, was something to them, even a divine, beneficent reality; and that their actual, daily life, into which came so often vanity and sordid aims, blindness and deafness to beauty and pleasant sounds, was a poor farce, and that they themselves were little better than fools and harlequins; unworthy of the beautiful spring time, of the brightness of the sun, of the blossoms and the fruit which the earth was preparing to put forth; and especially unworthy of the rich and manifold endowments of the heart.

The little children sang with the birds. Their free, loving hearts expanded wide in the genial spring air and sunshine; and it was with them very much as if the good Saviour they so loved to be told about, took them into his arms and blessed them with his heavenly voice, as he was wont to bless the children of yore. They turned their wondering eyes here and there, up to the sky and away to the woods, with love for every little bird and for everything they saw. Some of them had read fairy tales and knew all about Genii, nymphs and graces. They knew how they go in their graceful white robes, chasing the wild roes and fawns over the hills and through the dales; and how they and the Muses sing and dance, playing upon their reeds and lyres. And they wandered away to the woods; for perhaps they would catch glimpses of them among the dark hazles by the brook. Perhaps they would find them bending at the little pond beneath the old trees, to put the arbutus flowers and the young oak leaves in their hair.

It was nearly in this wise that the poets, those men and women who are children to their dying day, felt and acted, in spite of all the depreciating things they had heard in their life-time from the tillers of the ground, the ore-diggers, the spinners and weavers, and all the men and women of vanity and worldly-mindedness. They too went to the woods and streams, longing that Muse or some sort of celestial creation might visit their eyes.

But they all, the poets and the little children searched and invoked in vain that day; or, in part, in vain; for on the morrow a *fete* would be given by the Muses on Mount Helicon; and already "the note of preparation had been sounded" in all Olympus, in all the tributary

islands and shores. The Naiads and the Neveides wore their green robes, bringing profusely into the borders, gems, plucked at will from the burnished roofs and sides of their grottoes. With the gems, the Neveides intermingled minutest rainbow colored shells gathered on the strands, just without the pillars; while the mountain nymphs, the fresh Oreiads, made chaplets of bay for their hair, and hemmed their long robes with the dark and lustrous olive leaves. The Dryades tried the effect in the hair, first of forest leaves, then of shells borrowed of the Neveides, afterward of gems given by the generous Naiads. But those who had taste and genius laid aside both gems and shells, after they had tried them in many lights, ending as they had begun, with their own forest leaves.

The Muses—they, indeed, had no time to attend to the children and the poets. But their hearts warmed toward them for the love they were paying; and they sent Euphrosyne, the youngest of the graces, her whose name being interpreted is Joy; and, unseen by them, she filled the hearts of the poets and the children with pleasure and gratitude, so that they thought it happiness enough just to live in such a glorious world. They gathered the arbutus and the many-hued mosses; and went back to their homes, richer ten thousand times than he or she ever can be, who, with miser-eyes on the ground, goes hurriedly, bearing heavy money-bags along.

CHAPTER II.

Do my readers know about Mount Helicon? Have my travelled readers ever rested their feet in the rich mosses of its groves? I imagine not; for it is chiefly of London and Paris, of Italy and the Rhine, and latterly indeed of Ireland and the Nile that one hears.

Mount Helicon then has soft airs and gentle slopes; and beneath the olive trees are cool springs, those pretty mirrors of the Muses. Little rills slip round in the groves of walnut and almond trees; and not a green mound rises along the plains, that the ilex and the arbutus do not deck it. The dark myrtle fringes heavily the banks of the streams; and here and there the lively oleander blooms. Not a ragged cliff is there, that clusters of flowers do not crown it, and the myrtle trail over its sides; not a precipice that a cascade does not leap adown it turning it unto beauty. There, in the shade of the groves, within sight and hearing of rill and cascade, overlooking the plain below and the Copino Lake, the Muses had one of their beautiful homes. And here, on the day of which we

would speak, the sisters and those ever-ready helpers, the charming graces, went from spot to spot, from room to room, with busy steps and skilful, well-trained fingers. All but Erato. She had been sent for to go to Olympus. Juno had need of her. Calliope, Clio and Hramia did their best to fill her place; only Clio declared that the latter spent half her time in the observatory; a place which, after all, none would exist unless it were Minerva and Prometheus. Thalia was in a distant apartment, with the eldest of the graces, the splendid Aglaia, with Melpomene, (her who presided over tragedy) and Apollo, who had come over from Olympus "to see to things," he said, as he was tucking his lyre into a corner, and unbuttoning the gay cloak that hung upon one shoulder. They were rehearsing some new *tableaux vivants*. Terpsichore was somewhere in the palace with Thalia of the graces, practising a new dance; and Euterpe had enough to do tuning her pipes. Odd things they were; Juno hated them; but the rest all liked them, she played them with such wondrous skill. Especially Jupiter liked them, *because* she hated them. Juno fervently believed. And perhaps it was. It would be just like Jupiter, one must confess.

By-and-bye they all came together to twine roses and wreaths about the pillars and for festoons along the halls and corridors; to group them also, roses of every hue and shade, and laurel and myrtle, for the marble vases, the golden vases, and the vases of silver of exquisite workmanship; and, in their midst, laughter and song and good-natured jest did not once cease.

Venus came in the midst of it, a creature of light and beauty. She touched and rearranged, a little the roses in the vases; ran her fingers lightly over the robes and chaplets the nymphs had made ready for the festival; and laughed at poor, diligent Vulcan, who came soon after her, a creature of right stalwarth arm and cunning fingers; but, then, a creature, after all, to be laughed at for his ugliness and his eccentricities. Venus laughed at him because he placed some new ornaments he had just brought, thus and so; and while she laughed she replaced them, so and thus; and then ran her white arm about his sinewy neck, when she perceived that she had vexed him.

"Vulcan—husband mine," she murmured, with her lips close to his ear.

"My wife—my pleasant one," said he. And it was with a good voice; for a great deal of tenderness was in it.

"I declare! I will never, *never* vex you in this foolish manner again! So help me Jove!"

"I declare I will never be vexed in this foolish

way again. For I wonder if I don't know that you love me right well. This ought to be enough, I am thinking, for a cramped, knotty old-fellow like me."

"There! there! don't talk so, good one. I tell you the truth now!" coming up close before him, and getting hold of both his hands. "I often look at you and the rest of the gods, and think that I love you better than any of them, *because*—why not, to be sure, because you are a knotty old fellow, as you say; but because you are, in the upshot of the matter—not perfect." (*Par parenthesis*, my readers must believe Venus. It was true, as she said, that she did *often* love him, faults and all; and the better, because he had the faults that made him look up to her, and almost worship her; and that, at the same time, made her, in her good moments, feel tenderness for him and compassion.)

"I don't know why it is, I am sure!" continued Venus, with a pretty look of the slightest abstraction. "It may be there is no reason for it—although you know Minerva and Prometheus say there are reasons, enough of them, for all sorts of phenomena; and one day when I tried to make Minerva understand how I love you, in just what way, she went into a frightful disquisition on a law called 'attraction of opposites.' Only think, Vulcan! As if I would or could listen to anything with such hard names to it. I wanted to know awfully; but I wouldn't take that pains, would you now? Say! would you?"

She gave him a quick kiss on repeating the question; and Vulcan smiled on her and said, "no." But that was not true; he would.

"I thought you wouldn't. Well; as I was going to say, I love you because you ain't perfection itself. I could never love a beautiful and effeminate man—in the right way to call him husband, that is," she added, quickly, and averting her face a moment on seeing that Vulcan scanned her features closely while she said this. "Believe me, Vulcan; for it is the truth! I love to lay the hand they all call so tiny and fair, in your muscular, broad, toil-hardened palm thus! And to lean thus on the broad, faithful chest; and to know at the time that you are my own husband, and that I am your wife. They had a great deal to say about me and Mars, you remember," she added, still leaning on Vulcan's breast.

"Yes," replied Vulcan, listening intently for what would come next.

"Well, I just about hate him! I can't bear him! And Adonis, you know there was ever so much said about him and me. And it is true that I did like Adonis right well. But it was

just like a mother's love for her boy. I was his protector! not he mine! Just think of it! I often laugh when I remember how worried I used to be about him always when he was in the chase. I should have been in what the mortals call consumption before this day, if I had had him instead of you for my husband. But with you I thrive nicely. Don't you think I do?"

Vulcan answered with an embrace and a hearty kiss upon her lips.

CHAPTER III.

"ERATO, if you *would* leave that book for the present and help me on this robe a little!" Thus spake Juno with imperious voice and mien. "I am so tormented with this new stitch!"

"What stitch, mater? let me see," said Erato, coming with good-natured alacrity to sit on a cushion at Juno's feet.

"Why, this one for the heart of the narcissus! How the mortals ever invented such a stitch, or how *their* miserable spines and nerves, that are so often out of tune, endure it now that it is invented, is more than I can understand. My patience was never so tried."

Jupiter didn't believe it, it seemed. He brought his eyes up slowly from his sandal to her face, and said,

"H'm!"

"Yes! this is what you are always saying—'h'm!' I never, in all my life-time, saw so provoking a person. It would try anybody!" She jerked the silken floss and the threads of gold; and they, as if they shared the mischievous temper Juno saw in her husband, went every moment into unmanageable knots.

"See! I will just help you, mater," said Erato. "I remember I have always heard you say that your work troubles you most when you are most in haste."

"It does. And it is a real trial, whatever those may think who have nothing to do but sit and watch one and criticise one."

"It is bad that the floss troubles you so," said Erato, picking at a knot. She talked, as she always did, with the sweetest voice in the world. Jupiter listened to it as if it were music; and it had power even over Juno's irritable mood. "But it is only one of the very light afflictions. See there! the last knot! There, mater."

"Yes; a light affliction, to be sure," replied Juno. "But then, to be plagued so when one is in such a hurry!" She bent her head low over her embroidery.

"Oh, well! I have been reading such a sad, and yet, at the same time, such a beautiful,

beautiful story! It is of the sufferings of one among the mortals; and it made me feel as if I would forever be ashamed to open my lips in compliments. He was a martyr who loved the truth so well, that he died rather than give it up. That was a great thing to come to one, mater. Think how he would have overlooked tangled floss, and all our troublesome preparations for this festival. He had greater things in his great soul, I am thinking. Does the floss still——"

"Oh, it still knots continually. I wish you would try it."

"Yes, I will." She worked with far nimbler fingers than Juno. It was wonderful to watch how the flower spread out in the border; and, as if her own smooth spirit were passing electrically through the threads, they exhibited no more any vicious propensity whatever.

Juno looked on admiringly. "You are a dear child, I am sure," said she. "You always manage to keep such a sweet temper! Now work on the half open narcissus if you will. I don't know how it is; but the narcissus is the very flower I like best, and am the most desirous to succeed well in copying; and yet it gives me more trouble than all the rest. Minerva says that it would be so, of course. She says that to do a thing in a beautiful way, one must first be thoroughly qualified, and then have an easy spirit about it."

"Yes, certainly," replied Erato.

"Yes; but to keep the easy spirit, when one has so many perplexities! They are nothing to the martyr's I know you are thinking. Tell me something more about the martyr. I suppose he died well. This kind of mortals always do."

"Beautifully! like the swan! And he lived a life pleasant for us to think upon now it is over and the dear man is well at rest. If I were a mortal, I would count it a glorious thing to be a martyr—a glorious thing!—to be so steadfast in the right, and so strong!"

"Yes," replied Juno. "Yes, so would I, Erato." But she spoke without enthusiasm, and assorted her flosses at the same time.

"Oh, pooh!" said Jupiter, coming to his feet, and throwing a leaf he had been picking to pieces out of the window. "I guess you would count it a fine thing to be a martyr, indeed! and you can't get along with a few knots in your floss without going distracted, pooh!"

"Yes, I suppose so!" replied Juno, coloring with her vexation. "It was well enough for Erato to say; well enough for anybody but me."

"Well enough for you, wife, if you could say it with meaning and sincerity. Erato can. She

has patience, and a liking for encounter with difficulties. Let Erato say then, that she would love to be a martyr. But when she says it, do you shudder prettily at the martyrdom and say, 'oh, why! would you though!—but do tell me, child, what I can do with this flower, this narcissus! It plagues my life out.'"

Wasn't this provoking enough in Jupe? He laughed too with his might, and pinched Juno's nose and chin a little.

Erato laughed; and so, pretty soon, did Juno, her husband was really so good-natured, and was withal so elegant standing there before her. But she had tears in her eyes, and said, "you are too bad now, Jupiter!"

"Not in the least! I say it for your good, as your mothers say." He still had a gay air, but his face was fast growing serious. "If you will school and discipline yourself up to a high condition of patience and heroism in what we call the little things, it will be a sign infallible that in the deep, quiet places of your soul is something composed, self-assured and great, that would keep you close to the right, to truth, even if they led you on, on to the stake; and would make it a glorious thing, as Erato said, for you to die for them."

Erato had a kindling face. Juno let her embroidery lie in her lap, and had eyes full of tears.

"I say this who have no steadier patience than you, Juno," continued Jupiter, preparing to go. "I wish we were both a great deal better, don't you?"

"I wish I were, at least!" said Juno, passionately. "It grieves me to pieces that I must be so foolish, and suffer all that I do on account of it!"

"But be calm! be calm! have patience with yourself, in the first place. Good-bye. Have patience till I come again." An odd thing, by the way, for a "Thunderer" to be saying. It demonstrates anew the verity of this that Brownson said in his better days—"We are all of us better than even our best friends believe us."

CHAPTER IV.

Now, dear reader, go with me into the large company assembled in the drawing-rooms at Helicon. I will go as I am in this sombre suit; for, for me who am so plain, there is no benefit, but, on the contrary, positive disadvantage in effort. I will take a large share of friendliness and good-will along with me. These shall commend me. But you, dear one, who are so beautiful that it is a delight to look on your face, your movements, do you put on your softest

muslin, with the longest, farthest-reaching skirt, that shall float about you as if it were a light summer cloud, and *you* a beautiful spirit. Put a few delicate flowers and leaves in your hair and then we will go.

See, dearest! how the graceful forms move about, and mingle and commingle! Terpsichore does not once speak that she does not skip a little in harmony and laugh—the gayest little laugh that one ever hears. We know Clio by her laurel crown, and by the delicately chased trumpet hanging at her girdle. It is for her to preside over history, we know, and sound the fame of the heroes. 'Tis said the latter office is but a sinecure of late, since the heroes of these days are not on the bloody fields where the sword and the bayonet go clashing, so much as on the still "battle-fields of life," where slow trials are to be endured, weighty burdens to be lifted and carried, tight bands that bind men's hands and feet to be sundered and put aside. One feels instinctively that no trumpet is to be sounded for those who are making achievements on this field.

Away there is Melpomene; splendidly attired, but pale as the pedestal she leans upon, and weeping. She always weeps and imagines tragical things. She never knows that the sun is shining, that the birds are singing, that lyres are playing and that warm hearts are close by, waiting to love her, never! Thalia, she who sees to all good comedies, is wiser. Only she tears those vases all to pieces in making up a bouquet for herself. It is good that Apollo goes now and gaily puts himself and his lyre between her and them.

Now Aurora enters, fresh and beautiful as the morning. Iris comes with a note on a gold salver for "resplendent Juno." Jupiter, the king over all these gods and goddesses, is here on the left, sitting with a grave face and mien. A beautiful creature is by him, stroking the head of his favorite eagle, *Bon* by name. It cannot be Venus; for she has on no *cestus*; and one never sees Venus without this charm in so large a company. It cannot be Juno; for there is that goddess at the left hand of her lord, talking earnestly with Erato and Diana; nor Minerva, we already know Minerva, who is taller, and whose beauty is of the intellectual type, while that of this delicate creature is eminently spiritual. It must be Psyche; yes, for now Jupiter, who has been some time regarding her, says,

"Psyche—glorious Psyche! come here. Stand here close by me."

She approaches, and lays her wax-like arm and hand on the arm of his throne.

"You are a good little creature."

"Am I?"

"Yes. I never see you and have you near me a moment without thinking—'well, she is a fine creature. It softens us all and does us good having her here.'"

"Thanks, dear sire."

"You too, I fancy, must find a little pleasure where you confer so much! and pleasure of such a noble kind too! You are happy here?"

"Very happy, sire; happier for all the wanderings and troubles I had before I came; so that I am thankful for the sorrows as much as for the pleasures of my life."

"That is right! That is a good child!"

"Then Cupid is so dear to me! He is so kind a husband! And then I love everything. I love every plant and bird and insects so well; it does a great deal toward filling my life with happiness, as I go along. Only I have to see the dumb creatures buffeted so often; and the insects, and the beautiful flowers—the little blue flowers, that, more than all others, look as if they were speaking to us in their mute language; I have to see them trampled upon and disregarded, as if they were nothing, and as if we owed them nothing for their beauty and aroma. As if they had no intelligence, too; and they have a great deal; even the plants."

"The plants, Psyche?"

"Certainly! I never told you about those reeds by the river, that fairly spoke to me! that fairly told me what to do, and directed me as wisely as ever you, sire, could have done!"

"No. Tell me now." He bends his head a little closer; she draws a little nearer, speaking rapidly and in low tones.

"Well, it was when I was on the earth; when Venus, who now is so dear a mother-in-law to me, was so bitter, and set me to such hard tasks. She ordered me one day to go beyond the river to a place inaccessible to us mortals, as we all believed, and bring her a tuft of the golden wool from certain sheep that fed there. I was in despair—for I had already had so many troubles! I would drown myself, I thought. And when I came to the water's edge for this purpose, I trampled on some reeds that grew there. I quite overlooked them, as if they were nothing; but the dear things fell a whispering me, what to do to get the tuft of wool. I *did* get it by their directions, bless them! and carried it to Venus. The ants helped me, too, poor diligent things! when she ordered me to separate the grains in: the great heaps she made of barley, wheat, millet, peas, lentils, and I don't know what besides. They did it all for me, working so silently. A

noble eagle helped me. He brought water for me from a fountain that a monstrous dragon kept in those days. I was obliged to have the water for Venus. This makes me love every creature, and——"

But Juno talks with a voice that quite drowns Psyche's, and even Jupiter's, now that he speaks. Let us listen; for she has flushed cheeks and harsh manners and denunciatory voice. She shakes her head, as we have seen our ladies do when they blamed.

Juno. I must say that Latona does very wrong—very wrong!

Erato. (With a beaming look.) The mortals, 'tis said, have a God, a very great and loving being whom they call Father; and He can look into the hearts of all His children and see just what there is there. Perhaps if He can see our hearts and all our lives, and Latona's, He knows that she is as pure and as good as we. We can't judge. We don't know her or ourselves properly. We don't know what she has done; or what we would be and do in her place.

Diana. That is true. They all call me the strict, the decorous. I called myself the same, and found fault with others; and really thought that there was nowhere such another paragon. Until I loved Endymion. Then I would stir out of my straight path any time to see him. I even went, many a night when the moon was shining, to the mountains of Cazia, to look on his face that was so dear to me, as he slept. I did no harm; that Jove knows; and the one God of the mortals, if He saw my heart; but, see how blind and unjust I had been before to others! inasmuch as now I was doing the very things I had always condemned in them! I had a lesson in this. I have been slower in my condemnations since, and always shall be—I hope.

Juno. Yes, I presume so. Oh! I believe in charity and so on. Nobody believes in them as I do, hardly. But—ah, here is Iris with something for me! I am glad to have something come to me? Who sent it, Iris?

Thus it is with Juno. Nothing impresses her. She gets no high lessons, goes not one step forward. What she always has been, she is now and will be evermore; beautiful, that is, having fine skin, hair and teeth; but capricious, self-willed and "unstable as water;" quick in her resentments and retaliations, slow in her good offices and in an enlightened comprehension of motives and deeds. Fare thee well, poor Juno!

Pleasant it is to turn from her to Minerva, who has such dignity; and, at the same time, such grace and condescension! I wonder what she and Prometheus are saying to each other.

Their heads are often together; and the Olympians think that their hearts are not far apart. Prometheus thinks the same, and says it to Minerva. The warm color comes to her cheeks; but she shakes her head a little, sighs a little and professes to be a great deal skeptical. She is his inspiration, however; this she must know. She speaks a kindling word or two, she lets a kindling glance meet and rest on his; and re-awakened enjoyment, reawakened purposes of greatness and beneficence thrills his brain and all his nerves. Thus is he ennobled. And, being thus ennobled, he goes forth to ennoble and to bless others. Let's listen.

Minerva. You shall be my friend and brother. I will think of you when you are away; and when you return, no one will be so well pleased to see you coming. I will be glad when you prosper. And if you have troubles any time, come to me and I will try to make them less.

Prometheus. Dear Minerva! This then shall be enough for me. And no sister was ever guarded and surrounded with comforts as you shall be by me.

They move slowly away, still talking between themselves, and with one and another whom they pass in the crowd.

Hebe joins them, the ever gay and blooming; and her husband, the good and manly Hercules. The call comes now; and they all move out to the feast. We too will go, dear reader. We will leave this short narrative altogether, when we have in company considered a little this one suggestive item in the experience of the good Prometheus. You know he offended Jupiter one time by bringing sacred fire from heaven to us mortals, when Jupiter had said that we should have no more fire at all. Jupiter ordered him to be taken to Mount Cancarus and bound fast to a rock for all eternity. Well, they carried him there and left him as Jupiter had commanded; and every day an eagle, or, as some say, a vulture, came to pick at him and torment him. But he daily mustered strength and patience to endure it manfully, and lost not one whit of his desire to do good; and, by-and-bye, in an emergency, he revealed a secret by which even Jupiter's throne was saved to him. Then Jupiter, who would keep his vow that bound Prometheus to the rock, and who would at the same time *virtually* free him and bring him to honor, caused a fragment of the rock to be mounted in a costly ring and gave it to Prometheus to wear. And thus we see that through his patience and wisdom, the rock that was doomed as an offence to him, became his highest distinction.

Adieu, dear reader.

THE ORGAN PLAYER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

THE other morning, having to visit my dress-maker, I made a call on a fashionable acquaintance, whose residence lay in the same direction. She had been at the opera the night before, and, in her languid way, entertained me by talking of it.

"Really, my dear," were her words, "Sontag is quite over-rated. To call her voice fresh is ridiculous, positively ridiculous, I assure you."

"Why do you go so often?" I said, half smiling.

"Well, I don't know, my dear, except that its the fashion. Niblo's is always full, and one can look at the people, you know: and besides how else could one get through one's evenings?"

She yawned slightly as she spoke, for, in truth, she was *ennuied* almost to death, and I was an old acquaintance, before whom she could be frank. I thought to myself that if my former schoolmate had to labor for a livelihood, she would scarcely be driven to the opera merely to see and be seen, merely to kill time.

"Granting that Sontag is not as perfect as she once was," I said, "yet surely the music one hears at her operas is admirable, and well worth going to Niblo's, night after night, if one can afford it."

"La, now, that's the way you always talk," drowsily replied my friend. "You are an odd creature, I know, and one can't expect you to be like other people. As for me I'm sick of music."

"And of dancing, and balls, and dress, and everything," I continued, briskly. "Confess now, are you not?"

A languid nod accompanied the answer.

"To tell the truth I am, at least nearly so. One sees so much of such things. I wish somebody would get up something new. It's the dullest winter ever I spent."

After I had left the fashionable heiress, I pondered, as I walked, on her lot. "Here is a woman," I said, "with every worldly blessing, yet she is not happy. At four and twenty she has exhausted life. Nothing any longer gives her pleasure. Even Sontag's music fails to elicit her admiration. She has nothing to look forward to, for she has enjoyed already all that fortune can bestow; and so she is fast sinking into discontent with herself and everything."

My reflections were cut short by arriving at the dress-maker's. Ushered into a room to be fitted, I found myself in the midst of young girls, all busily engaged in sewing. They were generally pale, and some wore quite a wearied look: none had the freshness that should have accompanied their years. And yet no one seemed positively unhappy. The peevish discontent, which was fast becoming the chief characteristic of my schoolmate's countenance, was entirely wanting in these faces.

Suddenly a street organ began to play. The instrument was an ordinary one, with the common tunes of the day. Most of them had a touch of plaintiveness, however, that went to the heart of the listener. "Old Folks at Home" was one of the number.

The girls simultaneously stopped work, and letting their sewing lie on their laps, listened silently and eagerly. During the whole time that the round of tunes was playing, not one of them spoke a word. Literally a pin might have been heard to drop. At last the organ-player moved on; and then the silence was broken at last.

"Oh!" whispered one, "wasn't it beautiful?" "How I wish he had staid longer," whispered another. Then, with a sigh, each resumed her work.

But when, shortly after, the organ-player stopped again, a few doors below, and repeated his round of airs, the girls all ceased sewing once more, listening to what they could catch, until the last faint sound had died away. It was again with a sigh that they took up their weary work.*

Involuntarily I contrasted them with the fashionable heiress. "The capacity to enjoy," I said to myself, "they, at least, have not lost. Doubtless they consider their lot a hard one, and a hard one it truly is in many particulars, but it has its compensations, and not the least is, that, which by making pleasure a rarity, retains for pleasure its zest."

I went to the opera myself on the two succeeding nights. I heard Alboni in the "Barber of Seville." The next evening I listened to Sontag in "Lucrezia Borgia." But I doubt if I enjoyed half as much pleasure, with it all, as

the organ-player afforded my dress-maker's apprentices.

Often since, when I have seen the wealthy and fashionable *ennuied*, when I have beheld them turning listlessly away from fine pictures, or fine music, I have thought of those poor girls, and the zest with which they listened to THE ORGAN-PLAYER.

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THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263.

XIV.—MANDERSON.

FROM the hour of that conversation Manderson was a different person. His whole energies were now concentrated on one purpose, which was the achievement of an independence, in order that he might possess Julia.

"I will deserve her," he said to himself, as he sat alone in his chamber, after the interview with his mother, "I will deserve her, before I seek her again. Now heaven give me a fair field!"

Manderson, like many young men of family, had entered himself as a law-student, after he had taken his degree at college, and had prosecuted his studies in a desultory way ever since, more, however, with a view to acquiring a finished education, than with any design of practising a profession. But now he lost no time in completing his course, and applying for admission to the bar.

Fortune favored him in a way that she favors few. The very week in which he was enrolled, an appalling murder took place in one of the suburbs, under circumstances which, for a while, agitated the public mind intensely. The victim was an unoffending old man, who kept a small shop for people of the poorer class, and who was murdered in broad daylight behind his counter. He had but time, indeed, to follow the assassin to the door; to cry out that he was stabbed; and to point down the street, as if indicating the way in which the criminal had fled, when he fell and expired. A hue and cry was immediately raised. But it happened to be market day; the markets were immediately opposite; and amid the crowd the hunt was, for a minute, thrown off the scent. At last, however, one of the most active of the pursuers succeeded in recognizing the assassin, and having overtaken and collared him, proceeded to search his pockets. The bloody dirk was drawn from the side pocket of the overcoat, in presence of a score of spectators.

The prisoner, as is usual in such cases, protested his innocence. But when he found that this was of no avail, he sent for Manderson's old preceptor, who had the reputation of being the best criminal lawyer of his day. The attorney

heard his client's statement, shook his head, and coolly said that nothing could be done. "I have a student just admitted," he added, however, "who will get you off if anybody can, for he is a young fellow of brilliant abilities, and will work like a dray-horse, at least in this case, since it will be his first. I will take him in as junior counsel, give him the benefit of my advice, and be ready, when the trial comes on, to cross-examine and address the jury. That is all I can do for you, and on these terms I accept the case."

In this way, Manderson, almost before his fashionable friends knew that he had become a lawyer, was engaged in what proved to be one of the most engrossing cases that had absorbed public attention for years.

For the popular mind was attracted not only by the flagrancy of the murder, but by the doubt, which began to grow up, respecting the guilt of the prisoner. Manderson, after his very first interview with the accused, disbelieved this guilt. His client said that the knife had been slipped into his pocket; and that he knew nothing of the antecedents of the murder. "I was running at the time I was arrested, I own," were his words. "But I had heard the hue and cry, and seeing the way the crowd took, ran with the rest." His whole manner, his former good character, and the naturalness with which he always repeated this story, convinced Manderson, more and more, that the man was a victim of the real assassin, who had slipped the knife into his coat pocket, and escaped in the mob.

But to clear the prisoner it was necessary to discover the real criminal. The train of circumstantial evidence was complete against his client, and he would infallibly be convicted, Manderson foresaw, unless the chain could be broken. Yet how was this to be done unless by bringing to justice the true culprit? And where was that culprit to be found?

The young lawyer only wanted a clue to start with: he felt, if he had that, he should ferret it all out. At last, one day, after having pondered over all the evidence for the twentieth time, it

flashed upon him that the blow, from its peculiar character, must have been struck by a left-handed man. No one had noticed this before, but, on calling in a physician, the latter confirmed the suspicion, wondering that the fact had not been suggested on the inquest. Manderson now remembered that the man who had first arrested the prisoner, and had drawn the dirk from the pocket, was left-handed. He had noticed this peculiarity, by the merest accident, during the man's examination on the inquest; for the witness being nervous, as is often the case at such times, had kept playing with his watch-key with his left hand. The young lawyer now made secret inquiries, and discovered that this man belonged to another city, from which he had arrived only the day before the murder. As the dirk was new it was natural to suppose it had just been purchased. Accordingly an agent was procured to visit every store in the neighboring city, where such articles were sold. After a week's scrutiny a man was found who recollected having disposed of such a weapon, and described accurately the person of the witness whom Manderson suspected. "He used often to buy cigars of me," said the shop-keeper, "and I recollect the dirk, because that sort of article is of slow sale; so much so that, when I close out my present stock, I intend to have nothing to do with such fancy cutlery, but shall stick to cigars and canes."

Our hero now felt that he had discovered the real culprit. But what was the motive? Unless he could show this he feared that his case would be regarded with suspicion. For he was no longer satisfied with proving the innocence of his client: he aspired to fasten the guilt incontestibly on the true criminal. Continuing to conduct his investigations with profound secrecy, he finally discovered that the murdered man had been in the habit of lending money at usury, and that, at the time of his death, he held a heavy claim against his assassin. When Manderson had collected all these proofs, the day appointed for the trial had arrived. He went to his old preceptor, and told him, for the first time, his entire success. "Keep silent till to-morrow," said the veteran. "You have done it all yourself, and deserve all the glory, so I shall not interfere except to advise you how to act. Go to court as if nothing of this kind was impending. Let the trial take its course. The real culprit will be there of course to testify that he found the knife on our client. When it comes to his turn, break him down on the cross-examination, by asking him if he did not buy the dirk himself, and I will assist you by sending, at this

moment, the cigar vender to speak to you, so that the assassin may see and recognize him."

All happened as the veteran lawyer had planned and foretold. The witness turned ghastly pale when he beheld the man from whom he purchased the dirk; and when he knew, from Manderson's simultaneous questions, that the whole truth was out, he fainted dead away. Our hero received the entire credit of the whole affair, and, from that day, his reputation was made.

Business flowed in upon him in a flood. The veteran members of his own profession were the loudest to extol him, and to recommend to him clients, in criminal cases, which they no longer tried. "His eloquence is the least part of him," said one of these. "He's as keen as a briar, and as subtle as Fearnie himself. Who else, at his age, would have taken up such a cold scent, followed it out, and pulled down the stag in presence of court and spectators? Gad, it was the finest thing I ever saw done, and I've been at the bar these five and twenty years."

But Manderson's triumph did not stop here. It was a season of intense political excitement; a Presidential election was at hand; and all the available talent, in both parties, was brought forward to address the people. As a popular speaker our hero soon gained a high reputation. Wit, logic and imagination were united, in his mind, in just that proportion to make a most effective orator. His fine person, his musical voice, and his graceful gestures greatly assisted the effect of his style and thoughts. He could, at will, move his hearers to laughter, excite their scorn, or rouse them to indignation.

In the midst of the canvass, a prominent candidate for Congress suddenly took sick, and in less than a week died. The popular voice demanded, almost by acclamation, that Manderson should be nominated in his place. It was unusual, indeed, for one so young to be chosen by such a constituency; and a few envious aspirants, and thorough-paced intriguers ventured to say so; but the general enthusiasm was not to be controlled, and our hero was accordingly elected by an unprecedented majority. The strength of his vote was greatly increased by the fact, that his constituents, at first, were sought to be prejudiced against him, by a garbled account of his rencontre on the night of the fire-riot. The false statement brought out affidavits from impartial spectators, and nothing helped more to swell his majority, than the proof these afforded of those generous qualities in which the people, especially the American people, delight.

During this rapid and brilliant career, Mau-

derson had scarcely had time to think of Julia, so absorbed was he with the pursuit of his great object. For he was one of those men, who, having determined what to do, do it with all their might. There was no trifling in his earnest nature. The difficulty was to arouse him, but that once effected, his course was right onward till the goal was reached. Thus, though he never, in one sense, forgot Julia; though she was always present, in imagination, as the queen to crown him, when the prize was won; yet he wasted no precious moments in sentimental re-eminings over their separation, but put his whole soul rather into the struggle for fame and fortune, so that he might the sooner win her.

He had faithfully kept his word to his mother also. He made no effort to correspond with Julia, or even to see her. He had, indeed, little wish to do either, as long as she remained at Mrs. Elwood's. But he scarcely suspected the indignities to which she was subjected, for much as he knew of the son, he did not imagine that the profligate would insult a defenceless woman, beneath his mother's roof.

A greater misfortune was preparing for Julia meantime. On the very night, indeed, when a triumphant crowd, with torches, banners, and music, went to Manderson's residence to congratulate him on his election, fate made our heroine a witness of that proud hour, but in a way that was infinitely degrading to herself, and which led to what filled her with despair.

XV.—MRS. ELWOOD.

"I AM going to call on Mrs. Elwood, this morning," said Clara Owens' aunt, with a sly smile at her niece. "Will you accompany me, my dear?"

"Why not?" was the indifferent answer. "It will be as good a way as any to spend the morning. If I stay here, I shall die of *ennui*. Surely its no reason I should cease visiting Mrs. Elwood, because I have agreed to marry her son."

For Clara was affianced, at last, to the suitor whom, more than once, she had tacitly refused. How this had been brought about the reader may easily conjecture. Pique had led her to encourage Elwood's attentions in public, whenever Manderson was present, and this had given her old lover a hold over her, which he had improved to his advantage. Mrs. Rawlson had exerted her influence also in behalf of Elwood.

During this formal morning visit, Clara sat, utterly without interest in the conversation, clasping and unclasping a superb bracelet. Mrs. Elwood she had never liked, and when she thought of her as a mother-in-law, she

almost regretted her engagement. Her attention was finally aroused by the opening of the parlor door, and the entrance of Julia. It was the first time the two had met since their interview in the store, and both seemed to remember this, for they colored unconsciously. Julia, however, did not advance into the room. Hurriedly apologizing, by saying that she had supposed Mrs. Elwood to be alone, she withdrew immediately, but not before Mrs. Elwood had noticed Clara's manner.

Before they left, Mrs. Rawlson took occasion to explain to Mrs. Elwood, in a whisper, a pretended cause of Clara's embarrassment, attributing it to the fact that Julia had once been befriended by Clara, and had since insulted her. This false tale, rehearsed for her injury, had its effect.

When the visit was over, Mrs. Elwood's first proceeding was to ring the bell, and order Julia into her presence.

"Pray, Miss," she said, haughtily, "for what am I indebted to your unwarrantable intrusion just now? Are you not aware that, when I wish you, it is my habit to send for you, and that, unless you are thus sent for, the parlor is not your place."

For the sake of Gertrude, Julia might, perhaps, have endured this reproof in silence, if the outrage of the day before had not rendered it impossible for her to remain longer in the house. She replied, therefore, with spirit,

"I came, madam, because I thought you alone; because I wished an entirely private interview with you; and because the conversation I desired to have could not be postponed."

Mrs. Elwood gazed in amazement. Was this the quiet governess who had invariably listened in silence? But recalling what Mrs. Rawlson had said of Julia's ingratitude and insolence to Clara, the haughty patrician lady answered imperiously,

"Speak at once, Miss, for since you have begun to dictate the times and themes of our conversations, I suspect I shall have to look out for a new governess, or cease to be mistress of my own house."

"It is on that point I came to speak to you," calmly replied Julia. "Your son, madam, insulted me, yesterday, in such a way that it is impossible for me, much as I love Gertrude, to remain in the house with him."

At these words, spoken in the tone of an equal, and with an indignation that could scarcely be repressed, Mrs. Elwood's face colored with anger. That a hired servant, for in that light only she considered Julia, should dare to address her in

such language, was not to be endured. She rose to her feet.

"Miss, you forget yourself," she said. "Your effrontery, indeed, surpasses belief, though I have just heard about it from my friends. My son persecute you with his addresses, for that, I suppose, is what you mean to imply." Julia bowed. "It is not true. Not a word of it," she was now so enraged that she forgot good-breeding, "don't stand there and tell me such a falsehood. It's you that's been insulting me, by persecuting him. I see it all now."

She paused, a minute, to recover breath. Julia seized the occasion to say, with calm dignity,

"Madam, what I say is true. It pains me to have to say it, and to you, but there is no other course left. I had hoped that, perhaps, you would protect me, if not for my own sake, at least for Gertrude's; but you leave me no alternative now, except to go."

These words increased the passion of Mrs. Elwood, who saw in them, and in the tone they were delivered, a tacit assumption of superiority.

"No alternative but to go," she repeated, in angry amazement. "Why, how dare you be so insolent? My son would not condescend to look at you even. Yes, you go at once, this day, this very hour. Not a word." And she approached to ring the bell.

But Julia advanced firmly toward her, and laid her hand on Mrs. Elwood's arm. With difficulty could our heroine retain her calmness, at this rude and insolent treatment; but she struggled to preserve the bearing and language of a lady, as she said,

"Mrs. Elwood, stop. You need not give yourself any concern about my not going, for, after such an interview as this, I should hate myself if I could stay. But, before I leave, I demand of you, as between one woman and another, that you retract your imputations against me. You know they are untrue. I am an orphan, with nothing but my character, and you cannot, you dare not assail my little all. Take back those words. Let us bury this thing in oblivion, and part in peace."

Anybody but an enraged mother, or a haughty patrician, would have been awed by the high spirit, not less than the justice of this demand. A noble soul, even in anger, recognizes nobility in others. But Mrs. Elwood was thoroughly ignoble, with all her outward varnish of refinement.

So she replied by a volley of abuse, such as enraged women, even fashionable ones, sometimes pour out on the objects of their wrath. Julia, as she listened, felt that mother and son were

one. She was turning away to leave the room, when Mrs. Elwood, observing her purpose, and doubly incensed to find she would not listen, violently pulled the bell. Julia had only gained the foot of the staircase, Mrs. Elwood following her, when a servant appeared.

"Take that creature, James," said the enraged woman, "and turn her out of the house. See that she goes this minute. Her things can be sent after her. And take care that she don't see Miss Gertrude."

With these words, as degrading ones as the most criminal and lowest servant could have possibly deserved, Mrs. Elwood retired within the parlor, closing the door after her with a bang. The servant, who had seen his mistress, once or twice before, in similar fits of passion, followed her with his eyes, smiling sarcastically, as he had done on the evening when his young master came home intoxicated: and, taking advantage of this, Julia flew up stairs to her chamber.

Our heroine paused in her room only long enough to put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastily to arrange her things for removal. She had too much dignity to provoke another altercation, which she knew might be the case if she delayed. When she descended, she found the footman waiting for her in the hall. The man exhibited more respect for her than he had done for his mistress, for he bowed, and courteously asked where her baggage should be sent. Julia knew no place, except the boarding-house where she had once lived, and accordingly she mentioned it.

"They shall be left there to-morrow, Miss, or this afternoon, if you wish it." And, in a lower voice, he said, "mistress is going out this evening, and if you would wish to return, and fix your things, it can be done then. I shall be happy to oblige you."

"No, thank you," replied Julia, "if there is anything missing, I will send for it. But I arranged everything, I believe."

With these words she turned away. Yet though going out into the world houseless, penniless, and characterless, so far as Mrs. Elwood's influence could harm her, she thought not, in that moment, of herself, but only of Gertrude from whom she had been thus rudely torn.

XVI.—THE ARREST.

JULIA found, before night, that her situation was far worse than she had expected. The landlady of the boarding-house received her coldly, not having forgotten the slanders propagated about her and Manderson; and was, at first,

tempted to refuse her altogether; nor did she consent, in the end, to do more than receive our heroine for a few days.

"My house is very crowded, Miss," she said, with a toss of her head. "But out of respect for your father, who was a good man, I believe, I will take you for a week or so. But I shall expect you to look out for a place elsewhere as soon as possible."

The color rose to Julia's cheek. She saw that, for some reason, she had lost favor with the landlady; but the true cause she never imagined. It would not do, however, she knew, to exhibit her opinion of so inexplicable a change of manner. For if this home was shut against her, where could she go? So she answered gently,

"I will not trouble you, ma'am, longer than is inevitable. I will endeavor, this very day, to find employment, which I can get, perhaps, in my old store; and that being secured, I will then seek another boarding-house. Meantime I throw myself on your kindness. Think what a daughter of your own, in my friendless condition, would suffer."

Never had Julia, in the worst of her troubles hitherto, felt more helpless than when she uttered these words. It appeared to her as if she had not now a friend left on earth. She remembered that she had sometimes read, in romances, of the destitute of her sex, in great cities, being reduced to starvation; and she shuddered to think that, perhaps, this might yet be her own fate. But the native resolution of her character soon rallied to her aid. She determined, as soon as dinner was over, to go out and seek for employment. Busy with these thoughts she did not observe how everybody at table regarded her with averted looks.

She had need of all her resolution that afternoon. It happened to be a season when there was unusually little demand for saleswomen in stores, for needlewomen, or for any other description of female operatives. Everywhere accordingly Julia met with rebuffs. Her old employer frankly confessed his inability either to get her a place, or to put her in the way of obtaining one. He even went so far as to hint that she had been very imprudent in leaving her late situation, and Julia could not exculpate herself, and regain his good opinion, without telling what she could not consent to. It was long after dusk before she could bring herself to abandon her task, and bend her weary and almost fainting steps home.

More spirit-broken and despairing than she had ever been in her life, tempted almost at times to question the justice of heaven, she was

slowly dragging her jaded feet along, when suddenly she saw one of those impromptu torchlight processions, which mark elections in great cities, turning into the street just ahead of her. Warned, by former experience, of the difficulty of attempting to force a way through a crowd, she hurriedly sought shelter in a doorway, intending to remain there until the mob had passed. But the procession, when it reached the place where she stood, halted, instead of moving on; and, in almost as little time as we have taken to describe it, the whole thoroughfare was packed with a dense mass of human beings, above whose heads waved hundreds of lurid torches, while the calm moon smiled down on the agitated scene from her blue depths above. Naturally brave, Julia soon lost what little terror she had experienced at first, in admiration of the picturesque scene. The undulations in the crowd, like the heaving of a human sea; the occasional shouts that went up from the assembled thousands, that grandest music in the world; and the red flare of the countless torches, as they waved to and fro, and shot fantastic shadows on the faces of the upturned crowd:—all these appealed to the imagination of our heroine, and made her, for the time, forget even her sorrows.

Suddenly a window opening on a balcony, in the second story of a large house immediately opposite her, was thrown up; and a manly figure, which she recognized with a throbbing heart, stepped out. The huzza which greeted this person proved that it was he whom the crowd had sought. The shout seemed to Julia to shake the very houses around. Scarcely had it died out, before it was renewed, and then again renewed; and, then "three times three," as a voice called out, was added, each huzza now being quick, loud and sharp, like a volley of musketry. Our heroine was not a woman to be terrified at a scene like this. There was something heroic in the depths of her spirit which answered to the stir and enthusiasm of that crowd. She felt that she also, if a man, might be a politician. "Certainly," she said to herself, "if one could win popular acclamations like these, by serving one's country virtuously, and with no base arts, I too would be an orator."

When the shouts had subsided there was a dead pause; and then Manderson, for it was he, began to speak. If ever Julia had doubted that she loved, if ever she had persuaded herself she had conquered that love, the illusion now fell from her eyes. It seemed to her as if she could lay down her life for this orator. He spoke such noble sentiments, his power over that vast concourse was so great, there was such subtle

conviction of a true soul within him in all he said, that she felt she could not but love him, and secretly believe in his honor, no matter how appearances might be against him. Soon all other emotions, however, were lost in those conjured up by his eloquence. Now Julia was melted to tears, now her bosom heaved indignantly, now scorn, or mirth, or other sentiments were awakened. It added, perhaps, to her own emotions, that the crowd was swayed in a similar manner, for somehow it seemed to her as if his triumph was her's also: she had a right, the right of a profound, though secret love, to be proud at his honors, at his eloquence, at his command over that concourse. Never, in his best moments hitherto had Manderson seemed to her so worthy of love and worship as now.

She found her way home, as it were, in a dream. Long after the crowd had dispersed, she had remained, sheltered under that doorway, gazing, as if spell-bound, on the window where Manderson had disappeared. Once or twice a shadow had been visible against the lace curtains; and she had, in fancy, traced in it the outlines of his figure. At last, the town clock, striking the hour hoarsely, roused her; she recollected how late it was; and, alarmed at the hour, she almost ran homeward. But her mind was still so full of the scene she had left, that she scarcely knew how she gained the boarding-house.

She retired at once; for she could not talk on common themes that night; but it was late before she slept. When slumber at last closed her eyes, the procession, the shouts, the waving torches, the thousands of upturned faces, and the bare, majestic head of the orator still floated

through her dreams; and she fancied herself in some way connected with them, in a strong personal interest. Gradually this notion assumed shape. Now she was herself the one honored, now she was the bride of Manderson. At this delicious climax she awoke to find it broad day, and the landlady standing over her.

"If you please, Miss," said the latter, in a short, dry tone, "its after our usual breakfast time, and there's been a person below, these two hours, waiting to see you."

Julia awoke, with a sigh, to the realities of life. With sleep faded romance. Supposing that the person waiting for her was the porter with her luggage, which had not been sent the night before, she began mechanically to calculate how much he ought to charge, for every expense, even the slightest, was important to her till her purse was replenished.

What was her surprise, therefore, on entering the sitting-room, to see looks of horror directed at her from all sides, and to observe a coarse, sinister man, after exchanging a glance with the landlady, rise and approach her.

"You are my prisoner, Miss," he said, touching her on the shoulder, and showing a piece of paper. And he continued, in answer to Julia's amazed look. "You're charged with the larceny of a bracelet, lost by Miss Owens, at Mrs. Elwood's yesterday, and found among your things."

For a minute Julia gazed aghast, first at the officer, and then at the boarders. But every face repulsed her. Some sneered, others frowned, a few turned away, in none was there hope. It was too much even for her brave spirit. The room reeled around her, and she fainted away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE FAIRY WIFE.

BY MRS. H. JERMYN.

"I never had a dear gazelle
To woo me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."—MOORE.

A MERCHANT married a fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained toward him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of a woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream. But before the year was over he had returned to his affairs;—they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. Yet every evening, as he hastened back to her side, she felt weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandize she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising any gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was bounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these child-like gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it. She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of care, raised by busy hands, was gradually

shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her at sunset he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes; but there was a something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him—she could not win his life—she could charm—she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day, until at last it is night: night, with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving, and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.

Our fairy tale is an apologue, reader. Can you not guess its secret meaning?

THE LILY OF LORN.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

DREAMS! dreams all!—the veriest dreams are those bright, joyous aspirations in which young hearts indulge. And saddened to know them such, the kindly older person smiles mournfully, and says, “dream on!—not for worlds would I destroy the illusions which must, at best, fade too soon.”

The young man, gay and hopeful, conscious of talents and learning, adorned with youthful beauty, and feeling a restless energy within which he fancies is to conquer all things, rushes like a high-mettled steed into the world's race-course. But alas! he finds no smooth and graded road whence all impediments have been removed, and judges look on to see fair play. He stumbles from the first over petty and unforeseen obstacles. Imminent perils meet him at every turn—rivals trip him up—pretended friends misdirect and deceive him, his eager and impatient efforts but involve him in greater difficulty, till at last, with a broken spirit, he is forced to exchange the noble bearing and fiery speed of the racer, for the dog-trot pace and patient air of the work horse.

I will show you another picture. See that young father and mother bending entranced over the cradle of their first child. A rapture is on their faces which only parents can understand. With tears, and smiles, and prayers they vow, with hands clasped above their sleeping boy, to guard him from all evil—to make him, so far as lies in their mortal power, good and happy—so help them God! A dream is in their hearts that their boy may prove, perchance, the exception to the general lot, and grow up untouched by sin or sorrow.

A few years pass, and but a few, and the child so loved and cared for has grown selfish, wilful, and, worse than all, untruthful. The gentle mother cannot rule him, and the father is much

from home. The dreams are fading! The mother weeps and trembles. The father is wroth—

“And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

The tenderness of a father for his first born contends in his heart with the anger a just man feels at mean and unworthy conduct, and in bitterness of spirit he exclaims, “great as is the delight parents have in their children, it is outweighed by the anxiety they endure for them. Better far to be childless than to have one child grow up bad and unprincipled.”

See yon fair girl, known for her fragile and delicate beauty, her pale, spiritual loveliness—how she sits and dreams! Her hands are crossed on her knee, but she knows it not. She is looking out, with dreamy eyes, upon her future life as fancy pictures it to her—and this is the vision on which those dreamy eyes are gazing.

A quiet and happy home, where order and good taste prevail, where she herself moves the happy presiding goddess—happy, and dispensing happiness to all around her. There is ever one principal figure in this picture—it is he, the beloved, the husband—the good and strong man, loving and beloved, for whom, unseen—unknown though he be, she feels she could lay down her life. Do you not see the latent enthusiasm in that young face? and do you not know what it means? See, she blushes! unreal as that dream-lover is, she feels his arms around her, his kisses on her cheek; she smiles—and ah! she wakes. Her dream is over—often perhaps to be redreamt, perhaps never to be realized. Dream on, for those sweet dreams are most that life has for your craving heart. By inward struggles, and vain yearnings, and silent sufferings, and many prayers, you shall come at last to learn the hard lesson—to live chiefly on hope.

And yet not entirely unblest art thou! For thy fair, pale loveliness hast won for thee, over all the region around thy father's manorial hall, the name of "The Lily of Lorn." Something of suffering there is in thy face, of holy meekness, which adds truth to thy title, though few know why. But we, who see hearts past and future, and, magician-like, summon up, with our wand of fiction, the events of a whole, know well how that sweet melancholy came into thy countenance. It is a relic of what has been, and a prophecy of what is to be: a memento of suffering that is gone, and of an early death to come. Listen, reader, for we will share our secret and our prophecy with you!

Many years ago a couple of youthful lovers were sitting "dreaming" beside the waters of the gentle Avon, in merry England. The moonlight glowed and sparkled on the rippling water, and was reflected so brightly, that the enraptured lover who hung over her could note the blushes that rose and faded on the soft cheek of Mary Selden, "The Lily of Lorn." For the first time that night had she laid aside the maiden reserve, which had hitherto forbidden her lover to approach her with caresses. For the first time that night he pressed her in his arms, and covered her blushing face with his kisses. How could she repulse him, when the morning was to separate them for years? She could not—she had not the heart. With tenderness and dignity she responded to his love, and promised again and again at his demand to preserve her heart pure and loyal to him till his return.

"Farewell, my own beautiful betrothed," he whispered—"farewell for a few short years—with the energy inspired by the hope of winning you, wealth enough to satisfy your father must soon be won, and I return to claim this dear hand. Oh, Mary, do not forget me."

"Impossible, Henry!" replied Mary, looking up tearfully into his face—he bent over her, and one of her soft black curls touched his cheek.

"Mary, may I have this curl as a parting token?" asked the youth.

"They are all yours," Mary replied, smiling through her tears—"choose from your own."

Henry severed a silken curl from the beautiful head, and again farewell was said with oft renewed caresses, and the lovers parted.

On the morrow the youth sailed for America—that land of many dreams, and full of hope began his combat with the world. He had been highly educated at Cambridge, having been qualified for the profession of the law. But being without influential friends, and discouraged by the crowd of rival competitors in his own country, he hoped,

not unreasonably, to make his way more successfully in a newer country. But alas! in a new country, if there are indeed fewer lawyers, there are also fewer clients, and our poor friendless adventurer met with small success. Meanwhile his scanty funds were exhausted, and yet unwilling to abandon his profession, for which he had been qualified at so great an expense, he endeavored to eke out his slender means by writing for the magazines and periodicals. Thus struggling, he persevered through much suffering and privation for several years, still hoping to bring himself into notice and success by some fortunate turn in events; but at last absolute distress compelled him to resign his long-cherished hopes, and look lower for some occupation by which to obtain the means of living. For some time he was unsuccessful in finding employment of *any* kind for which he was fitted, and at last was glad to accept a situation as clerk in a store, where, for the first year or two, his remuneration was barely sufficient to procure him the plainest boarding and necessary clothing. It was not till a small increase in his salary was made on the third year, that he was able to make a little allowance toward paying off some debts, which he had incurred during his former struggles, and which had hung like a clog round his conscience ever since.

It was eight years from the time of his leaving England, ere Henry Lober stood once more clear in the world, and could say, "I owe no man a cent." It was two more ere he had two or three hundred dollars which he could call his own. During all these years the thought of his own beloved Mary cheered and encouraged him through sorrow and trial. She wrote to him constantly—she was still faithful, but she too, poor girl, had had to do with struggles and sorrow. Her father had died, to the astonishment of all penniless; the estate passed to creditors; and she was left totally unprovided for. The fair and pensive lady, whom we have seen gazing wistfully out into vacancy, during the first years of Henry's absence, was now no longer lovely, for sorrow and care had sharpened her features, and removed the delicate hue from her cheek. She was no more "The Lily of Lorn," for flatterers had left her with her fortune. Neglected by all, she had been forced to open a little school, by which means she with difficulty made a scanty living. Her health, never strong, failed under her trying and laborious life, and disappointment and sorrow entered deeply into her once joyous heart. Knowing these circumstances, therefore, as soon as Henry Lober could gather the means to pay their passage, he set off, with his employers'

permission, to claim his bride, that at least they might have the poor consolation of suffering together.

Arrived in England, Henry hastened without waiting a moment to the banks of the beloved Avon, and sought the favorite haunt most dear to Mary and himself in past times; the hour of sunset was approaching, and he rightly divined that Mary would be likely to wander there. Enough romance still lingered in his world-beaten heart to make him wish to meet his beloved, after so long and trying an absence, in a spot so sacred to old memories. The river and its banks were unaltered, save that to Henry's eye the stream seemed much smaller than of old, and at some distance more dwellings peeped from their shady coverts. Their own beloved haunt was unchanged; "Mary's walk" was as fresh and green as ever, and the lover paced it impatiently, yet sadly, with busy thoughts. Here he was, after ten years absence, after waiting and struggling, no richer in pocket than when he left home, and with a heart in his bosom so deadened and hardened by long contest with the world, that it had but one soft spot in it—his love for the bright, beautiful girl, who on this very spot had permitted his farewell kisses and embraces—those kisses whose remembrance had had power, through all those years, to thrill his heart, so often as thought recurred to them.

The rustle of an approaching step awoke Henry from his reverie, a slight female form was advancing slowly, and he drew quickly back behind some trees and shrubs, thinking to gaze on his beloved, one moment, first, himself unseen. She advanced—his Mary—but how altered; ten years had changed the beautiful girl of twenty to the faded woman of thirty. Sickness too, and hope deferred, and struggles with poverty and sorrow had done their work, and not a trace remained of that beauty which was painted in fadeless colors on the lover's memory. Even the curls so associated in his mind with Mary's image were gone, and the pale, sad face he looked on was shaded by smooth, dark hair, plainly and simply arranged.

Poor Henry! (blame him not, reader, it was but human nature) was inexpressibly shocked; his highly-wrought feelings underwent such a revulsion that he could not advance to meet this stranger, whom, though he yet *knew* her to be his Mary, he did not recognize—he allowed her to pass on, and escaping from his concealment, he hastened to his lodgings, and looked himself in his room.

Let us not inquire to narrowly into the throbbings of that troubled and disappointed heart.

The next day Mary received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MARY—After ten years absence I am once more on English ground. I have returned to renew to you the offer of my hand, but I must not conceal from you that I am an altered and a disappointed man—that even the youthful enthusiasm of my passion for you, the last dream the world spared me has faded, never I fear to be renewed in its first warmth and glow. I have not even a competence to offer you, notwithstanding all my efforts. All I now dare to hope is, that we may bear our burdens together, aiding and sustaining each other. A sad end to our early dreams, Mary—pardon me the want of success which has made your life, I fear, as well as mine, a blank—God knows I strove to have it otherwise.

"Mary, in your hands lay my few remaining earthly hopes,
HENRY LOBER."

Mary replied—

"Come to me, Henry—you cannot be so much changed as I am—youth, health, and beauty gone—gifts so prized for your sake, but my heart remains the same—the heart that adores you.

Ever your faithful MARY."

The meeting so long delayed, so long pined for was painful to both—both felt the changes time had made, and the past, and past feelings, to one of them, at least, had vanished like a dream. It was not with the idolized Mary of his youth that Henry now held converse, but with another, different—and yet most loving and gentle being, to whom he felt himself irresistibly drawn by a new and strange tie. She, alone in all the world, knew and understood his past life. She too, like him, had suffered, and the strong bond of sympathy knit their souls together.

They were married, and Henry Lober carried his delicate wife with him across the Atlantic. He returned to his business, but every moment he could call his own was devoted to the frail, tender being, to whom his heart clung more fondly every day. To him she looked for every thing, and he came to love her with a depth and tenderness unknown to the passion of his youth. He learned to rest on her loving heart as on the one thing certain in a world of change. One last fond dream he yet indulged in—it was the picture of his Mary restored to health by his watchful care, smiling and happy. But in vain, that gentle and loving being was cherished and tended too late. Ere she left England sorrow and care had planted death in her bosom, and in a few years Henry consigned to the earth that frail, beloved form, and with her was buried the last dream of his youth.

Still faithful to the memory of that gentle,

constant spirit, as life wears on Henry Lober's heart admits no new love, and often in the evening, sitting by his solitary fireside, the old man draws forth from some secret hiding-place two locks of hair; one is a jet black, glossy curl—the other, a faded tress of strait hair, streaked here and there with grey. They are the relics of the two Marys—for him they are always two. The old man gazes at them wistfully—he knows not which is the most dear; his eyes grow dim—surely he is dreaming still—yes; but his dreams are now not hopes, but memories.

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PROCRASTINATION.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"**SURE**, sir, and here's little Master Charles nearly tumbled out of winder and broke his precious neck, the jewel."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Garston, in alarm, "I told you to be particularly careful, and not to let him go near the open window."

"Sure, sir, and it was myself that watched him like a cat watching a mouse, but you see when I turned my back to him a minute, what does he do but run to the winder and climb up to it, and when I set eyes on him, whisht!—it was all, but he was out; but I took hold of him by the skirts, and saved the jewel."

"You must be more careful in future, Bridget."

"If I might make so bould, sir, I would say that if you was to get the bars that you were talking about put up——"

"Yes, yes, I recollect. I will try to think of it by-and-bye, but I have so many things to think of. I'll get them by-and-bye, Bridget, and then there will be no more danger."

Mr. Garston took his way to office, intending to call on a carpenter on his way and send him to the house. He was alarmed at the narrow escape of his only child, for since the death of his wife, a year before, he had concentrated all his affection on the little boy, and was in hourly dread of losing him.

The carpenter's shop lay a little out of his regular way to office, and when he came to the corner of the street leading to it he hesitated.

"There'll be that countryman waiting for me, and I can call on the carpenter when I go home to dinner."

So he passed on to his business and thought no more of his son's danger.

"Here's been an insurance agent," remarked the book-keeper, "and left his card."

Mr. Garston took it up, and then glanced around the warehouse.

"Yes, I shall have to get the stock insured, as most of this property will have to lie in store for some time. I'll call on this agent some time soon and see about his terms."

"Had you not better call to-day?" inquired the book-keeper. "There was a fire in Clay street, last night, and they say there are incendiaries about."

"Indeed! Well, I'll call immediately. Such things should not be neglected. What day is this—Friday? Dear me, there is a note of a thousand dollars due at the bank to-day, and I have not yet provided for it. I must gather up some funds to meet it or there will be a protest. How much money have you got there, Smith?"

"Only eighty dollars, or so, and there is Carter's bill to be paid to-day."

"True—true. Let me see—hum—let me see—ah, yes—I'll go and see."

The forenoon was passed in the endeavor to collect money enough to meet the note, but every one seemed to be short as well as himself. One had just paid a bill, another had a note to meet at bank, and a third could have done it very well yesterday, but had made some heavy purchases which had taken up all his funds. So he turned home, somewhat dispirited, to get his dinner.

"Plaze, sir, did you see the carpenter about them bars?" inquired Bridget, as she arranged his solitary dinner.

"No," he replied, rather curtly, "I have got something else to think of just now."

"But Master Charles," persisted Bridget.

"I'll see about it in the evening," interrupted he, in a tone that cut short all further conversation.

Hastily despatching his meal, he made his way to office.

"Has any money come in?" was his first inquiry.

"Jones & Green have paid in one hundred dollars on account," was the answer.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a dollar. Have you seen about the insurance yet?"

"No, have had no time for it."

"The insurance office is just in the way to the bank," persisted the book-keeper, "and they might be gone when you go by in the evening."

"I can't stay to bother about it now," was the testy answer, "I must see how to meet that note. Confound it, if I had seen about it yesterday, it would have been all right."

"I told you yesterday morning of its being due to-day," remarked the book-keeper.

"I know that; but I didn't think everybody was going to be so short to-day, and thought I

should have no trouble in collecting it: but there it is, it can't be helped now."

After another round, the money was collected, and the note taken up just before the bank closed. Tired with his exertions, he returned to his office, and flinging himself into a chair, took up a newspaper.

"Seen the insurance agent?" inquired the book-keeper.

"No, not yet. I'll go home a little earlier and drop in to see him. The insurance must be effected at once, that's a fact."

An interesting article in the paper took up his attention for some time, then a neighbor dropped in, and a discussion relative to the merits of the affair treated of in the newspaper was entered into. Suddenly Mr. Garston pulled out his watch.

"Half past five, I declare! It's no use trying to find the insurance agent to-night, but I'll call on him the first thing in the morning."

As he passed homeward, he recollected the window bars, and turned up the street to see the carpenter. The carpenter said he would call on the following day and fix the bars, and with the feeling of having done his duty he went home.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mr. Garston, as he started from his bed that night in obedience to a loud rapping at the door, and loud calls for him.

"Get up, Mr. Garston; it's Bridget. There's a great fire down town, and they are shouting it is near your store."

Mr. Garston ran to the window and threw it up. The sky was lit up with the reflection of a great fire, and a single glance sufficed to show him that his store was involved in the conflagration.

"Ruined—lost—no insurance—not a dollar!" gasped the unfortunate man, as he staggered back. "And I might have saved it all!"

He was dressed in a few moments, and was

soon at the scene of destruction. The moment he came at the edge of the crowd he saw he was a ruined man. His large store was one body of fire.

Pushing his way through the crowd, he soon reached the inner edge of the crowd, where he encountered his book-keeper.

"Anything saved, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing, sir. The building was all on fire before any one could get in."

The ruined merchant stared vacantly at the burning pile, until the walls fell with a heavy crash, and then with a burdened heart he turned toward home.

"Oh, Mr. Garston, oh, sir, oh—oh!" sobbed Bridget, as she opened the door to admit him.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed he, in dread of some fresh disaster.

"Oh, sir; Master Charles——"

"What—what—in the name of heaven, what has happened to my boy?" gasped Mr. Garston, clutching the arm of his domestic.

"The winder, sir; the winder was open for us to see the fire—and Master Charles came up by the sly to look out—and—and—oh, sir, oh——"

Dashing past the woman in a perfect frenzy of despair, he rushed into his parlor, and flung himself beside the couch on which was stretched the form of his boy, with his features all dabbled with blood, and his bright locks clotted together.

"Speak to me, Charles, my boy, my own boy—speak to me. Oh, God! my boy, my own darling boy!"

He felt his breast and his temples, but there was no sign of life—all was cold—yes! deathly cold.

"Oh, that I had attended to the danger before—that I had not put off what I ought to have done at once! My boy, my own bright boy, lost through my PROCASTINATION!"

A "THOROUGH-BRED" REVENGE.

BY KATE HARKAWAY.

"DOCTOR MORGAN," as his diploma made him, or Tom Morgan, as his friends called him, was certainly a good representative of manly beauty, as he sat in his negligent attitude that fine September morning, with his loose blouse displaying to the greatest advantage his tall, graceful figure, and his low-crowned, wide-brimmed Palmetto shading his fine bronzed face and open brow, around which the black hair curled negligently. But the charm of Tom's face, in his own opinion, was his moustache. In fact, dear reader, it *was* a model moustache! his white teeth gleamed out in such contrast with its silky blackness, and then it formed such a beautiful arch above the finely-out chin; and below the aquiline nose with its mobile nostrils, that we do not wonder that Tom made such a pet of it, uneffeminate as he was.

Well, Tom Morgan was whistling away for dear life snatches of tunes, in which Yankee Doodle and a favorite hunting song bore a prominent part, examining his fishing-tackle and assorting his artificial flies with care, when his sister Lucy stepped out of the French window on the piazza.

"Oh, Tom," said she, "I'm so glad you are here. I've just had a letter from papa, and what do you think? he says he has persuaded Grace Stanley to come home with him."

"Why, I think that I had much rather she would stay away," was the ungracious reply.

"Oh, Tom! but I do want you to know Grace so much, she is so beautiful, and fascinating."

"So is a rattle-snake," was again the rejoinder, to which was added a whistle on a low key.

Lucy's fair face was clouded as she answered. "But papa is so pleased with her, that he says he urged her to come very much, and he is quite fastidious, you know. And——" here her face brightened as she ran her eyes down the letter, "and oh, Tom, she rides beautifully, and is going to bring her own horse with her."

Tom threw down his fly with a jerk, and stared at his sister, saying,

"Lucy, I believe you're a born fool. That paragon of yours has every virtue under the blue canopy, and 'rides beautifully' besides. Pray, where does a young lady, who has lived in the city all her life, learn to ride?"

"Why in the riding-schools to be sure," said his sister.

Tom gave a more expressive whistle than any which had preceded it, and went on with his flies as if the subject admitted of no further discussion.

"But, Tom, papa has seen the horse, and says it is both gay and beautiful."

"So is a young lamb, or a calf," retorted the brother; "but I judge there would not be much difficulty in sticking on their backs, particularly if one was learned in a riding-school. I expect Miss Grace's horse is like the model one for young ladies in novels, with beautiful arched neck, long tail, gay and spirited, yet gentle and docile, &c. &c.; now I tell you a horse isn't worth his feed if he hasn't a spice of the de'il in him."

"Well, but you can teach Grace," said Lucy, coaxingly, thinking that by flattering his *amour propre*, she could enlist her brother's vanity in her friend's favor.

"Teach her indeed! Yes, and I suppose that after one or two lessons she would be able to ride 'Lightning,' or papa's 'Thunderbolt,'" was the answer.

"I dare say she could," replied Lucy, quickly. "I never saw her undertake anything at school which she did not accomplish."

"Well," said Tom, ironically, "there is a strong resemblance between mastering the French verb 'to love,' and a horse like 'Lightning.' But there is no use talking about it, Lu, and instead of staying at Mayo's for only a few days, till I'm tired of fishing, I may be gone some weeks. I can't stand fine lady airs, and otto of rose scented handkerchiefs, and all that sort of thing. I really believe that there are but two sensible women in creation; my mother and yourself."

"And Bell Hamilton," said Lucy, slyly.

"Well, yes, Bell is a fine woman; good-hearted and unaffected; and then she rides like a Camanche; and drives a four in hand as if she had been born on a stage-coach."

"But, Tom," and here Lucy placed her little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, "don't stay longer at Mr. Mayo's than you at first intended. Grace will be here now in about a week, and it will look so rude for you to be away."

"No use talking about it, Lu, I tell you I can't stand it. I think I shall take a trip to the West. You can tell your friend that the doctor has ordered a diet of bear's meat or buffalo steaks for me."

So Tom went on his fishing excursion, and Mr. Morgan and Grace Stanley arrived and found him absent.

And now these beautiful September mornings saw Grace and Lucy on horseback, galloping over fields sparkling with dew, and taking the low fences and narrow ditches in their way; Grace only practising, it is true, for though her leaping in the riding-school had tended to give her a firm seat, it had scarcely prepared her for the bars which would *not* come down if her horse's feet struck them; but he strode them like a noble fellow as he was, and after a little time she felt no fear of any fence in the county.

Tom Morgan at last grew tired of good old Izaak Walton's gentle sport and returned home, little suspecting that Grace, who had obtained a pretty accurate insight into his character from his father and sister, had prepared herself with a whole battery of mischief with which to charge him.

"By Jove, Miss Stanley, that beast of yours is a beauty," said he, after his inspection of the stables, which followed immediately upon his shaking hands with his father and mother. "Blooded too! pretty near a thorough-bred, I should say," continued Tom, "clean limbed, and as light as a deer. Make a splendid racer; I should like to put him around the course."

"I hear that you are so good a judge of horses that I feel flattered by your approval," replied Grace.

"Oh, but, Tom, you ought to see him in action, he is magnificent, I assure you," said his sister.

"Well, let's take a gallop to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast, I want so to be on Lightning's back again. I won't ride very fast, if you are timid about it, Miss Stanley," said Tom, suddenly, as he noticed Grace's elegant dress and quiet manner, which made her look as if she had never been out of a drawing-room in her life.

"No, sir, I am not *very* timid; I think I may venture to go, if you did not ride *too* fast," replied Grace, with a sly smile at Lucy, who turned away her laughing face.

"A pity that such a fine animal should be wasted on a *woman*, and one who can't appreciate him too," muttered Tom to himself. "I'd like to buy him if I dare make the offer; and, by Jove, I bet Bell Hamilton could ride him."

"Come, Grace, dear, give us some music,

we've had none to-night," said old Mr. Morgan.

Grace took her seat at the piano, and in spite of his contempt for women in general, and city women in particular, Tom could not but acknowledge that she was very beautiful. Her tall, slender, but rounded figure was so graceful in its outlines, there was so much character in her face, lighted up by her large, hazel eyes, and shaded by the abundant chestnut hair with its golden tinge, which did not curl, but wave down the side of her face. Every motion and attitude, whilst perfectly unaffected, had the unrestrained self-possession acquired by habitual intercourse with society.

"A perfect doll in appearance, with not a bit more character," soliloquized Tom, as Grace played brilliant overtures, and sung popular opera gems.

"Do you like ballads, Mr. Morgan?" asked the lady, whilst an arch smile rippled over her face, to be succeeded by a provoking demureness; and forthwith she commenced "The Lone Moore," and "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," besides one or two others in the same key; and when she had finished them she exclaimed,

"Really as you like that kind of music so much, I must sing you the tender ballad of 'Lord Lovell,' it's so sentimental."

"By Jove! no, madam, if you please. I despise ballad music; I feel as if you had been singing my death song," said Tom, vehemently, his irritation getting the better of his politeness, "I must bid you good evening, as I have come so far to-day."

But he had not closed the parlor door, when Grace commenced in her clear, rich voice the famous old hunting song, "A southerly breeze and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning."

Tom stood in the hall and listened for a moment, then returned to the parlor to look for a newspaper, which he knew perfectly well was in his own coat pocket. Grace finished her song with a spirit and dash that delighted him; but immediately after commenced the beautiful little one of Bulwer's, "When stars are in the quiet sky."

Tom gave an almost audible groan, and bid the family good night for the second time, muttering "humbug" between his teeth as he went up stairs.

The next morning, with its bright sunshine and delicious air, found the horses saddled for our equestrians before the hall door.

Grace's tall, slender figure looked remarkably well in her forest green riding habit, and low-crowned black hat with its long floating plume; but it must be confessed that in despite of her

beauty, Tom watched her approach with a slight feeling of annoyance, for he had worked himself into the belief that Miss Stanley was a mere fashionable, awkward, and timid horseman, and that his morning's ride would be spoiled in consequence.

"Bell Hamilton's scarlet dress is a great deal handsomer; she knows how to do the thing up right—the English women always follow the hounds in scarlet," soliloquized Tom, as Grace descended the steps, just raising her long skirt enough to expose the tip of a beautiful little patent leather Wellington.

Miss Stanley approached her horse, examined the saddle-girths and curb-chain, patted him on the neck, and was about placing her hand on the pommel to be mounted, when Tom called out to the groom,

"Here, you black rascal, where is Miss Stanley's martingal?"

"She not ride wid one, sar, he, he, he!" answered Sam, grinning from ear to ear, and no more minding being called a "black rascal," than if he had been termed a gentleman.

"Not ride with a martingal, Miss Stanley? Why your horse will rear, or throw up his head and run off, as sure as you mount him," said Tom, "but I might have expected some such folly from a young lady who learned the management of a horse in a riding-school, forsooth!" but this last sentence was *sotto voce*.

Grace said not a word, but stood quietly with her hand still on the pommel, and Tom was about lifting her into the saddle, when he saw Sam standing a few yards off watching the operation.

"What in the name of mischief do you mean, Sam? Come here, right away, and hold the horse's head while I mount Miss Stanley."

"She no want him held, Massa Tom," answered Sam.

"Do as I tell you, you lazy dog, or I'll break my riding-whip over you," thundered Tom, now almost angry with Sam, who only laughed. He, however, took hold of the bridle at a threatening gesture from his master, but the horse plunged and reared so, that it was impossible to attempt mounting.

"Let go, Sam, if you please," said Grace, quietly. "Steady, Sultan, steady, sir," continued she to the horse, caressing him, and patting him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was obedient to her voice, and rubbing his head on her arm. Again she took the reins firmly in her right hand, placed it on the pommel, and putting her little foot in Tom's huge palm, she rose to her saddle with the lightness of a bird.

"You have your curb-rein too tight, I think, Miss Stanley," said Tom, as he was turning away to look for Lucy.

"No, sir, I always ride with it so. You see my horse is obedient to my lightest touch: look how finely his neck is arched. And what a splendid position it is in, and that too without the aid of a martingal."

Tom thought to himself, "wait till he gets into a canter or a trot, and we'll see the 'position' his head will be in," but as Sultan commenced pawing the air and ground, and throwing his head about as if in delight at having his mistress on his back, Tom could not help feeling that all these innovations on the good old style of riding, heterodox though they might be, were really wonderful.

Lucy was soon mounted, and the party started off on a brisk canter. Tom looked at Grace in astonishment. Bell Hamilton's bold horsemanship was forgotten in that of the lady by his side. Such steadiness but lightness of hand, such a firm seat, such readiness and completeness of management of one of the gayest animals he had ever seen, such unity of action in horse and rider, threw him into ecstasies of delight.

"What do you think of 'Lightning,' Miss Stanley?" asked Tom, for he now considered Grace quite competent to give an opinion on the subject.

"He is a fine horse, but I should not like to ride him," was the reply.

"He is quite gentle, and there would be no danger, for you, I think!" said Tom.

"Oh, I have no fear of him," retorted Grace, "but he is not properly trained," and though the side of the cheek which was turned toward the gentleman was exceedingly demure, her eyes sparkled, and her mouth dimpled with suppressed mischief.

"'Not properly trained'—pray, Miss Stanley, can you instruct me how to train him properly?" asked Tom, ironically, whilst an incipient flash, which very much resembled the name of his horse, shot from his eyes. In truth, Grace had touched him on a most tender point; he considered himself the best breaker of horses in Maryland.

"I should really like to take lessons from you: can you teach me?" he continued, with a mocking smile.

"Oh, very easily, if you have any capacity for learning; but some persons are so stupid about horses," replied Grace, with provoking gravity.

Tom bit his lip, put his spurs into Lightning's side, deeper than they had gone since he was a colt being broken, and rushed off in a gallop.

Grace gave a little, merry laugh, chirruped to Sultan, and followed.

They rode on for half a mile, side by side, without drawing rein, till Tom suddenly recollected his sister, who on her little mare Gipsev, was coming along at a more moderate pace.

"I think," said Grace, as they turned to meet Lucy, "that you gentlemen who take riding as children do the measles, ought to be brought under proper treatment. Now there are the spurs, which should be used only to gather a horse with properly, I see you use just to irritate him. Lightning would not have run off just now, if he had not been improperly spurred."

Lightning run off! shade of Nimrod! didst thou desert Tom Morgan, of hunting memory, in that dilemma.

In truth, Tom was angry enough to have put the spurs deeper still in Lightning's side; but he remembered that Miss Stanley was his father's guest, so he said as calmly as possible,

"I was not aware that my horse *did* run off, till you informed me."

"Oh, excuse me, sir," replied Grace, "I thought he did; he pulled so, that I wonder your arm is not drawn from the socket. But then I ride Sultan with so easy a curb that perhaps I am no judge. It's a pity though that Lightning is not properly trained," and placing her whip for a moment on her horse's neck, she put him into a trot, and started off.

Tom Morgan rode home moodily enough. Grace and Lucy had all the conversation to themselves, and their gay sallies and merry laugh irritated that miserable gentleman only the more.

"Oh, there is Bell Hamilton's horse. She's come to call on you, Grace," said Lucy, as they approached the house. "She's been on a visit in Delaware, or I suspect she would have been to see you before."

And there she was, sure enough, striding up and down the drawing-room, in the famous scarlet habit which Tom admired so vastly, with a couple of large dogs following her, very much in the same manner as the Danish coach-dogs which we see running between carriage wheels.

Tom greeted the young amazon with unusual *empressment*; it was quite refreshing to find some one who admired his riding and his horse unconditionally, after the severe criticisms of Grace; and Bell and himself had always preserved inviolate, a mutual admiration on that subject.

"She's deucedly handsome," said Tom, inwardly, as if to convince himself of the fact, if he had had any misgivings, and then he turned

his eyes to the centre-table, by which Miss Stanley was leaning in a graceful attitude, drawing off her Swedish leather gauntlets. But after all *her* face seemed to bewitch him, as gay or grave thoughts passed across it like sunshine and shadows, while she sat now with one white hand on the table toying with her little whip.

Bell's loud laugh struck his ear a little unpleasantly just then, as she was describing with great glee to her listeners, her adventures with a pair of almost unbroken colts which she had been endeavoring to drive tandem.

She was unquestionably though, a fine-looking woman, with her large, well-developed figure, and handsome, though somewhat bold face. She was sitting now in a negligent attitude on one end of the sofa, with her right limb stretched out to its full length, tapping her boot with her heavy riding-whip, whilst her two dogs crouched at her feet. Grace with her artist eyes could not help admiring her; and she felt some curiosity to see the greatest horsewoman in Maryland in the saddle.

"By Diana, Miss Stanley, that's a splendid animal of yours," said Bell, looking out of the window; "most too light though, I should think, for much service, especially such service as our horses get here in fox-hunting, he'd be used up in no time;" and then she went into so knowing a disquisition upon the stock and pedigree of her own horse, that it astonished Grace.

An appointment was made by Miss Hamilton to meet them for a ride on the following morning; and then whistling to her dogs, who in the meanwhile had gone into the hall on an exploring expedition, she rose to take leave.

"I wonder you don't fall in love with her, Mr. Morgan," said Grace, to the gentleman, as he returned to the room from mounting Bell, "she'd make a splendid picture of the hunter's goddess, by whom she's so fond of ejaculating. Diana herself was never handsomer. Probably she objects though to the honor of your hand—she seems to have a good deal of common sense," and Grace, who turned to pick up her gloves and whip, did not see the expression of Tom's face as he replied,

"I never saw a woman yet I would have for a wife, though Miss Hamilton comes nearer to it than any one I know."

"Oh, you *could* get her then if you wanted her? Well, she is really a fine creature, I'd advise you to think better of it," and with a smile Grace left the room.

Tom Morgan walked up and down the parlor almost stamping with anger; his irritation which had been accumulating all the morning, now

nearly approached a climax, for every single man's self-love is touched when a woman resigns so coolly all title to his admiration or love as Grace had done.

But alas for the equestrians! the next day, and the next, and the next, they awoke to find the rain beating drearily against their window panes, and to hear the wind in fitful gusts moan around the chimney-tops. The roads were almost hoek deep in mud, and consequently impassable.

And yet Tom Morgan was not as near being *ennuied* to death as usual. He scarcely yawned once an hour, and did not above a dozen times a day, go to the window to gaze out with his hands in his pockets, whistling a melancholy tune. Grace and Lucy employed themselves as ladies usually do at such times, in fancy work, chatting, reading, music and singing, and now and then practising the last new waltz.

The fourth day of their imprisonment dawned as drearily as the rest. It seemed to be the advent of a second deluge, without—but within, all was as cheerful as a good-sized, comfortably furnished room, a blazing hickory fire, just giving out enough warmth for a chilly day, books, work-tables, and musical instruments could make it. Grace was at the piano, now rattling off a gay, dashing waltz, now playing a spirited march, then again gliding into something so sad and melancholy, that the ivory keys seemed to sob under her fingers. Old Mr. Morgan was seated in his comfortable arm-chair, spectacles on nose, luxuriating in some half dozen newspapers, which Sam had just brought from the post-office, and would have done well to have sit as a stereotype picture of a man who enjoyed the good things of this life, and took the world easily. Lucy was near the window, with her work-table by her side, engaged upon one of those mysterious pieces of worsted work which women so delight in, and which never appear finished; and Tom was lounging nearly at full length upon the sofa, leaning upon one elbow, and busy in entangling and disarranging his sister's zephyrs.

"Tom," said Lucy, "do give me that skein of green worsted, see how you have broken it. Why don't you find something to do. You'll make a pretty doctor, you never read a book; and none of the slaves even get sick for you to practice upon."

"A doctor," said Grace, who had wheeled around on the piano stool, with one hand still on the keys, and her large, hazle eyes open as if in astonishment, "a doctor! what an idea," and a merry laugh completed the sentence, and she again turned to the piano.

"Yes, madam! a doctor! Is there anything so improbable in that? I can show you my diploma."

"Can you? not worth much, I suspect, for I don't doubt but you felt much more interest in the result of a horse-race than you did in that of your examination."

"Nevertheless," answered he, as calmly as he could, "I *did* pass, and have a legal right to kill any one."

"Lucy dear," said Grace, "if I should be taken ill, please don't let your brother administer any thing to me; he looks now as if he would like to kill me, and he won't hesitate when he has a 'legal right' to do so. Oh, I wouldn't let him extract a splinter from my finger."

"So you doubt my skill as a physician, do you, Miss Grace?" asked Tom.

"Oh, you might make a second or third-rate veterinary surgeon," was the reply; "but I suspect the only medicine you know how to give is Glauber salts."

The gentleman looked completely discomfited; Lucy laughed; old Mr. Morgan's loud, hoarse ha, ha! could be heard half over the house; and Grace commenced singing, "Doctor Calomel."

Tom heard the song to the end, affecting to play with his sister's pet spaniel, but the poor dog got a kick or two more than he was in the habit of receiving, for not performing his tricks correctly, and then his tormentor got up and left the room.

He returned in about an hour, and found Grace and Lucy practising a new waltz.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, beg pardon, *Doctor* Morgan, don't you want to learn this beautiful waltz? I'll teach you," said Grace.

"Thank you, madam," Tom always emphasized the madam to Grace when he was particularly annoyed—"thank you, madam, I've no ambition to make a humming-top of myself."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't find dancing easy—one, two—you seem rather stiff and awkward. Really you ought to be suppld—one, two, three—as they do the horses under the Baucher system."

Tom looked on with a lowering brow, and at last exclaimed,

"If the women had—any sense, it would be inconceivable how they could make such fools of themselves. As it is, I don't see how the deuce they can spend their time hopping around like peas on a hot shovel."

"Oh, we glide into the men's hearts that way—one, two—and at last whirl ourselves into matrimony," replied Grace.

"Well, a man who'd be caught by such a

tee-totum would deserve his fate. It wouldn't be me."

"No," was the answer. "A woman would have to ride into your heart on horseback, or drive in with a four in hand. One, two—Lu slide a little more, if you please."

"Tom, just whistle for us, it puts Grace almost out of breath to dance and count the steps at the same time," said Lucy, "this is it, la, la, la!"

But her brother flatly refused.

"How beautifully Cousin Charles used to whistle," said Grace, "when we waltzed together. Oh, he danced divinely," and here her great hazle eyes were rolled up in ecstasy. "You never saw him, did you, Lucy? He's in the Navy, you know, and is somewhere up the Mediterranean now. He promised me a beautiful Spanish mantilla when he returns—they can't be bought in this country."

"Take care, Gracie, that he don't bring you home a Spanish cousin, as well," said Lucy.

"Oh, there's no danger of that; he's called me his little wife ever since I can remember," replied the gipsy, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Tom; but keeping secret the fact that he was engaged to her elder sister.

"Is he very handsome, Grace?" queried Lucy.

"Oh, remarkably; those blue coats with metal buttons are so becoming; and then his imperial! Lucy you never saw *such* an imperial! he don't wear moustaches, they are decidedly vulgar, you know; nobody, scarcely wears them now, but tobacconists and tailors."

Tom had refused to whistle for the girls to waltz by, but he was doing it now for his own amusement, and drumming time vigorously against the window pane with one hand, whilst with the other he fondly stroked his own hirsute pet, which he had thought such an addition to his face in its glossy blackness.

Really this confirmed bachelor of twenty-five, this contemptuous derider of women, was to be pitied. Grace seemed to have taken it upon herself to revenge her whole sex. His own words, uttered before her arrival, almost seemed like a prophecy. Lucy had said she was both beautiful and fascinating, and he had replied that so was a rattle-snake: and very much such a fascination did she now exercise over him. He tried to despise or hate her heartily, but he found himself constantly in her way without power to withdraw. He would leave the room in which she was, twenty times a day, with the determination to avoid her, and as often find himself back again after a very short absence, sometimes with but a frivolous pretext for returning, sometimes with none at all.

At the end of the week the rain had ceased, the sun came out, the roads dried up finely, and our party, with Bell Hamilton, was once more in the saddle.

"Can you take a fence or a ditch?" asked Tom of Grace, as they cantered slowly along.

"Not a very high fence, nor a very wide ditch I'm afraid," was the answer.

"Miss Hamilton thinks *nothing* of one of our jagged worm fences," said Tom.

They were now approaching the place where the girls had practised leaping, during Tom's absence; and as Grace had her head turned partially back speaking to Lucy, Sultan, recollecting his old lessons, suddenly left the road and took the fence.

His mistress was unprepared for the movement, but she never swerved in her saddle. Tom Morgan was breathless with astonishment; and Bell cried out, "bravo, bravo," at the top of her lungs.

Grace had checked her horse the instant he touched the ground, and he now stood pawing the earth, and tossing his head as if he had really done something worthy of praise.

"Wait a moment, Miss Stanley, and I'll let down the bars for you," said Mr. Morgan.

"No, thank you, sir, Sultan came over for his own pleasure, and now he must go back for mine," and cantering a short distance across the field, she turned and put his head at the fence. The horse took it beautifully, and this time Tom Morgan cried, "bravo," as well as Bell Hamilton.

"You're a perfect centaur, I declare, Miss Stanley, you look like a part of your horse," said Bell. Bell was not classical nor mythological, dear reader, but she had some knowledge of the centaurs, of Pegasus, and by the steeds of the sun.

"Now, Miss Stanley, draw your horse up a little," said Tom, as they entered a large field, "there is the widest ditch in Maryland, I verily believe, at the other side. We must go at it in a gallop. Sultan took that fence so kindly that I think he can stride it; if not," and here he laughed maliciously, "you will come out rather muddy. No danger to bones though, it is very soft, I assure you."

Grace knew her horse and herself both too well to feel much doubt about clearing the ditch, but as she approached it at a gallop she felt a moment's hesitation—it looked to her almost as wide as a small creek. The doubt was fatal, for in her unwonted nervousness she drew up her horse's head and spurred him too soon, and he was ready for the leap three feet too far from

the ditch. He gathered himself beautifully, however, and sprang like a deer, but instead of clearing the opposite bank, Sultan's feet stuck in the mud, about half way up the further side, and only recovered himself from a complete stumble by Grace's firm hand, though he had nearly unseated her.

"Splendidly done by Jove," called out Tom, who was safe on *terra firma*, "that recovery showed better horsemanship than a clear leap would have done."

Bell Hamilton came over after them with as good a stride as Tom's own; but Lucy, who was not so adventurous, rode further down and took the ditch at a narrower place.

Every day now saw the party galloping over fields, taking fences and ditches in their way, sometimes through thick woods, with such low hanging branches that their heads were on their horse's manes. Miss Hamilton sometimes drove over to take Grace out for a "trot," as she termed it; carried a stop watch, and felt as much anxiety about the difference between 2-38 and 2-40, as if a large purse depended on it. In that one thing she did certainly excel Grace;—she handled the "ribbons" as dexterously as any Jehu in the state.

"Hollo! my embryo Loyo, where are you?" she called out to Grace one morning, as she mounted the steps of Mr. Morgan's piazza.

Grace made her appearance at the breakfast room window.

"Get your bonnet, child," said Bell to her, "I've come to give you a splendid ride, such a pair of horses you never were behind yet. Really it's a pleasure to drive one who appreciates it as you do; but as to that chicken-hearted Luce," continued she, laughingly, "I always expect a fit of hysterics before I get her back."

"Grace, I warn you not to go," said Lucy, "Bell is naturally a reckless driver, and she's determined to break your neck from sheer jealousy of your horsemanship."

Bell's whip was raised threateningly at the speaker, but Grace making her appearance just then, bonnet in hand, they sprang into the stanhope and were off.

"Isn't that leader a beauty?" queried Bell, for she was driving tandem, "whew! what a time I had with him the first day I tried him, but I drove him till he was pretty well mastered, and he has been on his good behavior ever since."

"Are those the colts I heard you speaking of?" asked Grace, who now began to think that Lucy's remark about Bell's recklessness nearly true.

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"Yes, to be sure, but *ain't* they beauties?" and touching the leader with her whip, they started off into a fine trot.

The splendid animals seemed really to merit their mistress' encomiums. They went along evenly and quickly enough till they became sufficiently warmed up to bring out their spirit. Then the signs of an incipient rebellion began to show themselves, and the leader swerved and turned restlessly. Bell's long whip was used unsparingly, but somewhat injudiciously, and the leader even jumped so high once or twice that he nearly cleared the traces. His spirit seemed contagious, for the other horse, who till now had been comparatively manageable, grew as restive as his companion. At last, in spite of Bell's self-possession and firm hand, they got entirely beyond her control, and though Grace never said a word, she expected to be dashed to pieces every moment. They were tearing along now at a terrible pace, but Bell was beginning to hope that as nothing impeded their way, they would soon tire themselves down, and with steady eye and hand she was preparing to guide them so as to avoid a huge oak tree which stood in the middle of the road, when a gun-shot close by them, made the horses spring and dash forward; the stanhope struck the tree, and the girls were thrown to the ground. The infuriated animals never slackened their pace, but kept on with part of the carriage at their heels, whilst Bell, but momentarily stunned, crept out from beneath Grace who had been thrown upon her.

Just then the sportsman, whose gun had caused the misfortune, came hurrying to the spot, with his game-bag and powder-horn slung across his shoulder. It was Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! my God, what have I done?" he cried.

"Is she dead?" asked Bell, pointing to Grace, who lay perfectly insensible.

"I think not, but terribly stunned; run to the brook down yonder and wet these handkerchiefs; we've nothing to carry water in."

Bell started off, making as much haste as the long grass would permit her, whilst Tom raised Grace's insensible form in his arms, and whispered strange words over her; which brought the rosy light flashing across her face, like the Aurora Borealis, on a clear night. To this day we know not what the magic sentence might have been, but Grace vows it was only the ordinary pow-wow of a medicine man, and seemed satisfied with its efficacy.

A wagon was procured from a farm house near, and Grace was lifted in, a sprained wrist and a few bruises the worse, for her drive with Bell Hamilton.

"I will send Sam for Doctor Murray immediately," said Tom, as he placed Grace upon a sofa.

"Surely that's unnecessary; you know what should be done for such a sprain," was the reply.

"Yes, but then you would not trust it with only 'a second rate veterinary surgeon,' would you?"

Grace laughed merrily in spite of the pain, which her wrist caused her, and Tom proceeded to bathe and bind it up with much dexterity, though the lady declared a better physician would have done it in half the time.

"So he might, if he had not been so deucedly in love as I am," thought Tom; and like all young doctors with but little practice, he seemed inclined to make the most of his patient.

The time at length arrived when Grace's wrist was relieved from baths and bandages, though Tom carefully held it as if not quite assured of its strength, whilst the Aurora Borealis light was again flashing across the lady's face, as she laughingly catechised her physician.

"You'll never say again, that there are no sensible women in the world, except Lucy and your mother, will you?"

"No, no, I promise you."

"You'll let me, sometimes, sing sentimental ballads?" Grace continued, archly.

"Yes, nothing will be too doleful."

"You'll acknowledge that a lady from the city can ride?"

"Yes, better than myself."

"You'll learn to waltz?"

"Yes, I'll go on my head, like a Chinese juggler, if you wish it."

"Well, then, if you will do all that, you may keep your moustache, for it is much handsomer than an imperial, and before you are as old as Methuselah I *may* consent to—*marry* you," but the two last words were said in a whisper, and Grace hurried from the room.

On a bright autumn morning, Tom Morgan was walking up and down the piazza, his head erect and chest thrown back, with all happy emotions lighting up his fine face. His sister joined him, and placing her arm within his, she said,

"But, Tom, how could you give me a woman like a rattle-snake for a sister—a lady full of fine airs and otтар of roses?"

"Luce, have mercy, if you please! I *do* believe she has fascinated me, though. She is such a thorough-bred lady, as well as a thorough-bred horseman."

"Yes," said Lucy, and it was the only time she was guilty of a pun in her life, "and, Tom, she has had a THOROUGH-BRED REVENGE."

HOW I FELL IN LOVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY PAUL PERIWINKLE.

THE first time I saw Mrs. Periwinkle, was when she was "sweet sixteen." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was out low on the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world: and she had long, golden ringlets that flowed down her back:—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she was as much impressed by my appearance; she has often since told me she was; for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set; said "yes" to everything I proposed; and drank a glass of champagne at supper, at my urgent request, though insisting that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her, and asked her to eat a philopena with him, I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature, I heard her afterward refuse to let him see her home, and shall never forget how chop-fallen he looked, when she said, with a toss of the head, "no, thank you, I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me in, I didn't know, for a minute, whether I stood on my head or my feet. But I declined, pleading the late hour. On my way home I whistled, sung, and occasionally danced; never had I felt so happy: it seemed as if I could almost fly. "Oh! Amelia Ann," I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was: and then I would break out into "Zip Coon," or perhaps "Dan Tucker:" till at last a watchman tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shines," or he'd take me up for being tipsy. Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar, and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out, in return, that he saw I was a gentleman, "vich saved my bacon."

I reached home, and began to undress, but had to stop, with a stocking half way off, to try and recall how Amelia Ann had looked. I shut my eyes, and leaned back dreamingly in my chair, to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arm. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it, I paused in

turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed, for it suddenly struck me that, perhaps, Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that very moment: yes! sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating. "Ah! dear Amelia Ann," I ejaculated, clasping the air, and dropping the coverlid; and in that ecstasy I stood till the cold bit me like a pair of nippers in ten thousand places at once; and then I popped into bed, and curling up like a whip-lash, repeated "lovely Amelia Ann," till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her. She played on the piano divinely, and sang like a St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer," was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's, I thought. I have never forgiven her two boisterous brothers, who used to talk aloud while she sang, and who, even when silent, never listened to her. The rude boors!

The second week I knew Amelia Ann, I spent every evening but one with her; and then she had a headache, and could see nobody. How I walked up and down, on the other side of the way, looking up at the window which I knew to be her's, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain; and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann," I said, "if I could only have your headache for you."

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had gone to church, and we remained at home to read "Lallah Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot, on the back parlor sofa, where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but, somehow or other, she don't care for dress any more; and, as for poetry, she declares its "trash." Her hair is worn plain, and often looks frowzy; but she says its impossible, with all her family, to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three darlings occupy so much of her attention that she has time for nothing. She never opens the piano; "she does not know the new pieces," she says, "and is tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the troubles of housekeeping, especially the perversity of

children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her cares, she declares, "are wearing out her life," so that I consider it a miracle she survives at all. It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby all the evening, and getting up, at night, to carry it if it cries. I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliners; for she vows she could not be happy without four new bonnets a year.

I used to think, before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it wasn't for that, she says, she would long since have sunk under her troubles.

She was very fond of porter, till she joined the temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit in drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes, which are quite favorites with her, for it was but yesterday she said: "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I like above all things, beefsteak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beefsteak and onions might come of it.

Good Mr. Editor, do all sentimental young ladies turn out slovens?

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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XVII.—THE PLOT.

It is necessary to go back a few hours in our story in order to explain the arrest of Julia.

She had scarcely left the parlor, after her altercation with Mrs. Elwood, when the latter lady, retiring to prepare for her morning drive, the apartment became, for a moment, deserted. During this interval the son, who had agreed to ride with her, entered. On the carpet, close by where Clara had been sitting, he saw a bracelet, which, picking up, he recognized as belonging to his betrothed.

"I will put this in my pocket, and tease her about it," he said to himself: and he had scarcely done this when the carriage was announced, and his mother entered. No sooner had he taken his seat beside his parent, than the latter, still indignant from the late interview, proceeded to describe Julia's manner and words, embellishing them not a little in the narrative. The son was still in a state of exasperation from the treatment he had received from Julia, and the knowledge that she had complained to his mother excited his rage almost beyond control. He secretly swore to be revenged in some way. The opportunity presented itself, when, on returning home, he learned that Julia had left her baggage temporarily behind her; for remembering Clara's bracelet, he knew that, if he could secrete it in one of Julia's packages, a charge of theft could easily be maintained against her. Accordingly, watching his chance when the servants were at dinner, he stole up to Julia's room, and carefully placed the bracelet among her wardrobe, saying nothing, even to his mother, of his base scheme.

As he had expected, the evening had not passed, when a note arrived from Clara, addressed to his mother, asking if a bracelet had been found in the parlor. "We called at no house but yours," wrote Clara, "and I missed the trinket as soon as I came home. I am almost sure I dropped it in the parlor. Pray search for it, and send it by bearer." But though a search was immediately instituted for the bracelet, it was not to be found; and Mrs. Elwood was about replying to that effect,

when her son asked her casually if Miss Forester had not been in the room.

"Yes," answered the mother, "and now I think of it, she was the only person that was here. Could she have taken it, do you think?"

"I don't know. I should think not. But it would be as well to search her effects, perhaps," indifferently replied the son.

"That I will," retorted Mrs. Elwood. "And I'm not so sure that she's innocent, the impudent upstart! Girls as forward as she is, are ready for anything. She could easily have secreted the bracelet, when I turned my back on her to ring the bell, especially as she stood, as I now recollect, by the end of the sofa where Clara had been sitting."

The son, aware that his mother's obstinacy would be increased by opposition, pretended still to argue against her views; and in consequence so wrought up Mrs. Elwood, that, in a little while, she started up, declaring that a search should be instituted at once. Accordingly several of the servants were called, and lights were ordered up into Julia's late chamber.

The investigation proceeded, for a while, ineffectually. At last, after locks had been broken, and dresses tumbled out in vain, the inquiry was about being abandoned, when a work-box, which no one had thought of looking into, was pointed out by Elwood.

"You haven't examined this," he said, taking it up.

"Pshaw," testily replied his mother, "you don't think the minx would leave it in so public a place—she's too deep for that."

"Excuse me, madam," answered her son, "but, just because she is deep, she would select her work-box to hide the bracelet in, for she would argue to herself that no one would think of searching it; and the proof of her shrewdness exists in the fact that you have not looked into the box, and perhaps will not."

"We'll soon see about that," angrily said Mrs. Elwood, snatching the box from her son, and emptying its contents promiscuously on the floor. As she did this, something heavier than spools of

cotton, thread and silk fell on the carpet; and instantly the bracelet was discovered.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the son, with well affected horror.

"Well, I never," burst forth from Mrs. Elwood, after a pause, for, to do her justice, she had really not expected this.

The servants, with whom Julia had never been popular, because she was not familiar with them, began immediately to remind each other how often they had said it would come to this: all except the footman, who looked as if there was something in the matter he could not comprehend, and who gazed at his young master with a dubious expression, partly of distrust, partly of incredulity.

There was one other person in the room who viewed Elwood in an equally strange manner. It was Gertrude, who had entered unseen, almost at the moment the bracelet was discovered. Her large eyes were distended with horror, and her countenance was deadly white, as she looked at her brother, when, after a while, he declared there was now really no doubt that Julia had stolen the bracelet. For a moment she glanced at him, half in indignation, half in sorrow, and then, covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears, and rushed from the room.

XVIII.—THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

WHEN Julia recovered from her swoon, and realized again her situation, her feelings of shame and horror almost overpowered her a second time. The officer, however, hurried her immediately into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Mayor's Office.

On alighting, Julia was led, half fainting, through a long, narrow hall, into a large room, filthy and close, and redolent with the odor of tobacco juice. In a recess, opposite the entrance, was a raised platform, on which was placed the chair of the chief magistrate of the city. In front of this dignitary's seat, a space was raised off for officers and attorneys. Large docks, or more accurately speaking pens, were at the side, crowded with prisoners of every color and age, the majority being sturdy beggars in rags arrested for vagrancy, or the victims of a debauch and riot the night before, whose intoxication was not yet entirely off.

With her veil drawn closely over her face, Julia had followed the officer, but when he paused at the entrance to one of these pens, and moved aside for her to enter, she shrank back. To be herded with such loathsome objects seemed to be the last degree of insult and ignominy; and instinctively, without pausing to think, she turned

to the Mayor, clasping her hands. That functionary happened to be looking up when she entered, and had followed her graceful figure with curiosity and surprise. Her gesture immediately attracted his attention. He was a humane man, as well as a sagacious judge, and recognizing in Julia a different sort of prisoner from those usually brought before him, he called in a sharp voice to the officer having her in charge,

"Mr. Morgan, take that young woman into another room. I will hear her case directly."

The officer, somewhat abashed, bowed to the magistrate, and led Julia, with an air of more respect than he had shown before, into a small apartment on the right of the hall. Here he pointed her to a chair, and went out in silence; but, lest Julia should forget she was a prisoner, looked the door after him.

And now Julia, for the first time since she had been arrested, had an opportunity calmly to review her condition. The first paralyzing effect of the blow had passed, and beginning to recall clearly the events of the preceding day, she had no difficulty in divining that she owed her arrest to some nefarious plot. But whether Mrs. Elwood, or the son, or both, were the originators of the scheme, she knew not.

"Yet what benefit is it for me to know I am the victim of treachery," she said to herself, "if I cannot prove it. Oh! Thou, who art the friend of the orphan," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, "send deliverance to me in this extremity."

She had scarcely spoken, when, as if in answer, the key turned, the door was opened, and Gertrude, flying in, fell weeping into her arms.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "to think of finding you here." And, in broken language she continued, sobbing and speaking by turns. "It is too cruel. That ever he should be so bad. But you're innocent, and I'll swear to it, if he don't let you free first——"

"My child," said Julia, recovering herself from her first astonishment, and thinking, from these incoherent words, that Gertrude was temporarily beside herself, "compose yourself. I know you believe me innocent; and that will be a consolation to me, come what will! But, my love, I hope your mother knows you are here. And how did you get here?"

Gertrude, at these words, ceased clinging to Julia, and withdrew at arm's length, gazing curiously on our heroine. Gradually, as she observed Julia's perplexed look, she began to smile. A child still, mirth and sorrow succeeded each other, like April sunshine and rain, in her bosom.

"Oh! I see you don't know anything about it," she cried, clapping her hands. "You think I've only come to tell you I believe you innocent. But I've come to prove you so—to free you, to free you," and she flung herself impulsively into Julia's arms, weeping afresh.

Our heroine began to tremble with joyful agitation. Could it indeed be as Gertrude said? Julia was scarcely able to control her voice, as she answered,

"What do you mean, dearest? What can you know about my arrest? Again, my child, *how* did you get here?"

"How did I get here?" replied Gertrude, archly looking up, smiling through her tears. "Why, I rode, with my lawyer, in a carriage——"

"Your lawyer!"

"To be sure," continued the girl, enjoying Julia's amazement. "How can one do anything at law without a lawyer? And he's such a nice lawyer too—such a young and handsome one, I mean—a great man also—and says he'll get you off as soon as he can speak a word to the Mayor."

What was it that made Julia blush, and avert her eyes from Gertrude's eager face? Was it that, in her secret heart, she believed there could be but one young, handsome and celebrated lawyer? Yet it was not possible, she thought, that he could be this one.

"But I must tell you all about it," continued Gertrude, sobering down, and tears even coming into her eyes as she went on. "When I think how wicked, wicked he has been, I don't know what to say, and I almost hate him, though he is my brother. Yes, Miss Julia, it was Elwood put the bracelet among your things. I saw him, with it in his hand, going up the staircase, long after you had left: and I know that he did it, and no one else. This I'll swear to, before the court, if he doesn't withdraw the charge."

But we will not delay the impatient reader, by giving Gertrude's story in her almost incoherent sentences. We will shorten the narrative, on the contrary, by substituting our own. What it took her nearly half an hour to rehearse to Julia, we shall be able to tell in very few sentences.

It seems that Gertrude, the day before, had been so overcome, on returning home, to find Julia discharged, that she rushed up to her room to weep alone over her misfortune. Some time after, she heard a step ascending the stairs, softly, as if that of a woman. It sounded too stealthy and slow for Julia's, but yet, in the wild hope that it might be her's, the girl had flown to the banisters and looked over. To her surprise she saw her brother coming up with a bracelet in

his hand. His cautious air aroused her curiosity. She drew back into her room, leaving the door on a crack, when to her amazement she saw Elwood enter Julia's late apartment. Later in the evening, when she heard of the search going on in Julia's chamber, and going there saw the bracelet produced and the accusation made, the whole plot had flashed upon her.

Young and inexperienced she knew not at first what to do. It was already late, moreover, and to go out was impossible. Having heard that her mother had discharged Julia, she feared to trust her parent any more than her brother: consequently she said nothing, but retiring to bed, lay awake half the night scheming what to do. The plan she finally resolved upon was to rise early the next morning, seek out Julia, and warn her of her danger. Accordingly, almost as soon as the servants were up, Gertrude arose, attired herself for a walk, and slipped out. Before she could reach the boarding-house, however, the officer had arrested our heroine. But, nothing daunted, the young girl, who had, when once aroused, a self-reliance above her years, determined not to abandon her innocent friend. She knew that, things having gone so far, the aid of a lawyer would be necessary; and accordingly she called a chaise, and ordered the driver to take her to the residence of the only lawyer she knew.

"It was Mr. Manderson, whom maybe you've seen," she said, "I'd met him, when he first came back from Europe, at our house now and then: and I knew he'd recollect me, and be kind, and tell me exactly what was wisest to do."

At the mention of this name, Julia's agitation became so great, that, to conceal it, she was compelled to bury her face on the table while Gertrude proceeded. For a while subsequently she heard nothing. The thought that Manderson, after having abandoned her, was to meet her in this degrading situation, made her, for a moment, wish the floor would open and swallow her from his sight. Yet when she reflected on her innocence, and when she recalled the noble sentiments that had fallen from his lips the night before, she took courage again. "At worst," she said, "he cannot despise me, for I have done no wrong. And high as he is, I am, in that, his equal." With these reflections she raised her head proudly, and attended again to Gertrude's story; but several questions were necessary, before she could recover the thread of the narrative, lost during the interval.

Her cheek flushed again, and her heart beat fast, as Gertrude described how she drove first to Mr. Manderson's office, and afterward to his

mother's house, and how, on hearing Julia's name, he had sprung into the carriage immediately, declaring he would listen to the facts there, as not a minute should be lost. "We came so fast," continued Gertrude, "that you had just arrived, we heard: and Mr. Manderson, leading me to the door, told me to come in and tell you all, while he spoke to the Mayor. He said it would only be necessary to say what I could swear to, in order to have you at once discharged; and that this would save Elwood from public exposure, which would be inevitable if you were tried."

Gertrude had scarcely said these words, when there was a gentle tap at the door. An instinctive feeling told Julia whose it was. She would have said, "come in," but her heart rose to her throat; and if her life had depended on it, she could not have spoken. Her companion looked at her inquiringly. Yet still Julia was unable to utter a word.

"May I come in?" now said a rich, manly voice, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! that is Mr. Manderson," cried Gertrude, jumping up. "Its all right, I know it is. I may let him in, mayn't I, Julia?"

Julia bowed her head. Do all she could, words would not come, but blushes would; and she inclined her face, as much to conceal her rising color as to signify assent. But Gertrude did not wait for an affirmative. With the bounding step of a young fawn, she sprang to the door, and opening it admitted Manderson.

He came in, with an eager, joyous look, but yet not without embarrassment. Nodding smilingly to Gertrude, he passed on immediately to our heroine, who sat, visibly trembling, with her head buried on the table, utterly unable to meet his look. With the gentle courtesy of a Bayard he stooped over her, and said, in a low, agitated voice,

"Will Miss Forester let an old friend, and one who hopes he is not forgotten, escort her home?"

There was not much in the words. But the tone in which they were uttered—oh! how eloquent was that to Julia. She felt at once that the cloud, whatever it was, which had come between her and him, and had kept him from her so long, had passed away forever: that he still loved her; that he sued tacitly for her pardon; and that he could explain everything. There are inflections of the voice, at certain crises of the heart, which are revelations in themselves; and this was one of them. All was forgiven and forgotten in that moment. The old full trust in Manderson came back, warm and gushing, to Julia at his words. She lifted her face, blushing

rosily, and gazed into his eyes, and, as their look of truth met her's boldly in return, she placed her hand in his frankly, and said,

"I will go with you."

Not another word was said. But in the mutual glances that were rapidly exchanged, a mightier question was asked and answered; it was, "will you go with me through life," and the reply, like Ruth's, was, "where thou goest, I will go." Full now of divine faith and trust, Julia could answer, thus, and await the explanation of her lover at another time.

Manderson led the way to a private entrance, by which the three hastily left the Mayor's Office. Having placed Julia in the carriage, which was already awaiting them there, he begged her and Gertrude to wait a moment, while he attended to some necessary formalities. In about five minutes he returned, and having spoken a few words to the driver, which the ladies did not hear, seated himself opposite Gertrude, and gave the signal to proceed.

The ride was quite a long one, at least Gertrude thought so; and, once or twice, she was on the point of asking where they could possibly be going: but a meaning look from Manderson silenced her. At last, much to her surprise, the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, the door of which was already wide open, with a stately, yet still handsome woman standing there as if to receive some honored guest.

XIX.—THE WELCOME.

Mrs. MANDERSON had not yet recovered from the excitement and triumph of the preceding evening, when the sudden departure of her son, in a strange carriage, threw her into a state of renewed agitation. He had been quietly breakfasting with her, when the servant had announced a person as wishing to speak with him: he had gone out accordingly to the front door; but, instead of returning, had taken his hat almost immediately, entered the chaise, and driven rapidly off. All that Mrs. Manderson could learn, in explanation of this strange affair, was that a young lady, a very young lady, the servant said, was in the coach.

The proud and happy mother was still wondering what all this could mean, and trying to remember if her son had ever spoken of having any young lady for a client, when a note, directed in Manderson's handwriting, was brought to her. It was dated from the Mayor's Office, and was evidently scrawled in the greatest haste. Indeed, in some parts it was almost incoherent, so hurried were the sentences; and we shall, therefore, give its substance, instead of quoting it entire.

It began by reminding Mrs. Manderson of the promise she had made, a year ago, to receive Miss Forester as her daughter, whenever the writer should have entitled himself to claim her. "There was a condition, you are aware, and a hard one for your son," continued the note, "it was that I should not seek Julia until my fortune was assured. Most faithfully, but most cruelly to her, have I kept that pledge." The writer then stated how he had, by accident, met Miss Forester that morning, just when, for the first time, he had felt again at liberty to seek her: and added that he had found her faithful still, "though, God knows, I had no reason to expect it," were his words, "considering how I had abandoned her, and without any explanation." Then, hinting at the forlorn and friendless situation of Julia, Manderson concluded as follows:—"And now, dearest mother, I claim the fulfilment of your pledge, to receive Miss Forester as your daughter, and at once. She has literally no home but your house. We have united to do her a great wrong, which she divinely forgives, and we should now unite to make the reparation. I will drive about the city, for half an hour, in order to allow time for you to receive this and make ready to welcome your daughter." Of my plan she knows nothing. If I were to suggest it, she would refuse; but, when once she is with you, you will conquer. Meet us, dear mother, at the door, and merit the gratitude of your son."

Mrs. Manderson resembled her son in one respect, she never did things by halves. By the time she had finished the note her mind was made up to enter into her son's plans, and receive Julia as if she was a princess, instead of a portionless bride. "If Miss Forester has remained true to Charles," she soliloquized, "notwithstanding his complete avoidance of her, it is a case of such unusual womanly trust, that she must be a paragon among her sex. Besides it is evidently no boyish whim for a pretty face, that has kept Charles true to her; this passion is plainly the passion of his life; and it would be but wise to yield to what I cannot prevent, even if my word had not been already passed."

It was, therefore, Mrs. Manderson whom Julia saw standing in the door.

The embarrassed girl had never before seen her lover's mother, but she recognized the house, and instinctively drew back into a corner of the chaise. Manderson, springing out, intercepted for a moment the view of his parent; but the next instant the face of Mrs. Manderson, with a kindly smile on it, looked in. Gertrude had followed the gentleman.

"Welcome, my daughter," said Mrs. Manderson, extending her hand; and, with the words, she drew Julia to her in a warm embrace. "You look fatigued. I must insist on your breakfasting with us. Charles never pleased me more than in giving me the hope of such a child."

Bewildered, overcome, touched by such kindness, yet oppressed with coy reserve, Julia did not know what to say, or do. Covered with blushes, she stood hesitating, but, while she did this, Manderson approached, handed her almost forcibly, though tenderly out of the chaise, and putting her arm within his own, while his mother retained her other, the two carried, rather than led her into the house. Here, all confusion, Julia sank down on a sofa, and was glad when her lover, taking his mother's hand, led the latter out of the room, for then, casting herself on Gertrude's bosom, she gave way to a burst of weeping.

Her tears relieved her. She could now judge more truly of her position. She saw that literally she had no home to go to, except that where she was, the home of her who was to be her future mother. Gradually the feeling of conventional shame, which had at first oppressed her, departed. Secure in the love of Manderson, and certain of the welcome of his mother, "why," she asked herself, "should false notions of delicacy make me cold to those who are so kind?" When, therefore, after a space, Mrs. Manderson appeared, and kissing her parentally, led her to the breakfast room, she returned the embrace fervently, though with still partially averted eyes, and followed, Gertrude accompanying them.

It would be easy for us to describe at length that happy meal: the tender assiduity of Manderson, and the thoughtful tact of his mother on one side; the wondering looks of Gertrude, and the coy consciousness of Julia on the other. It would not be more difficult to depict the apparently chance *tete-a-tete* which followed, when Mrs. Manderson, asking Julia to look at her conservatory, managed to leave our heroine alone with her son, by arranging to be called out, and taking Gertrude apparently accidentally with her. But it is not our habit to dwell on scenes like these. Such things should ever be sacred: the heart's deepest mysteries are not for profane eyes:—and, therefore, we must content ourselves with a succinct statement of what passed.

Yet this the reader has already partially guessed. No sooner had the door closed on his mother than Manderson began his justification. He told everything fully and frankly; everything except the pledge his mother had exacted; for he thought it wisest not to risk prejudicing Julia

against his parent. After a while, he reasoned, when his wife understood his mother better, the story could come out more judiciously. He, therefore, blamed his want of self-reliance more than was strictly just. "I had been brought up never to contemplate the idea of supporting myself; and I could not reconcile myself to ask you, dearest, to share a poor man's lot: so, after many inward struggles, I determined to stop visiting you; to surrender you, in short. It was a cowardly resolve, and I soon found I could not execute it, at least in the sense of altogether giving you up. Then, for the first time, I said to myself:—'why not carve out a way to fortune, like a true man?' I resolved at once to begin. You know the result. But ah! when I look back on the risk I ran of losing you, I cannot feel too proud and happy to hold this dear hand in mine."

On her part Julia was equally frank, for why should she conceal her love? But of her extreme poverty, and of the indignities she had suffered, she said nothing. An hour and more passed before Mrs. Manderson returned. She came in smiling, and saying,

"I have taken a great liberty, my children; but as I never expect to ask Julia to obey me again, I shall look for her to do it now; and as for Charles, I shall always insist on his being dutiful:—in a word," she continued, taking our heroine's hand, and placing it in that of her son, "as this dear girl has promised to be my daughter, I have sent for our excellent rector, that I may not be defrauded, for even another hour, of so precious a gift."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Manderson," began Julia. But the words were not allowed to be finished. The pleading look of her lover, and the gentle peremptoriness of the mother silenced her; and the latter, tenderly taking her arm, led her into the drawing-room, where the robed priest stood awaiting them, while the smiling Gertrude prepared to act as bride's-maid.

There have been showier wedding dinners, than what took place at Mrs. Manderson's that day, but none where the bride was more beautiful, or the groom happier.

XX.—CONCLUSION.

THE marriage of the young member of Congress was "a nine day's wonder." That the bride had been a governess, that he had chosen her for her virtues alone, and that there were understood to be many romantic circumstances attending the match, was generally whispered; but the correct details of the affair rumor failed to procure. The Elwoods, who could partially

have unravelled the mystery, were glad, for their own sakes, to keep quiet.

It was but a few months afterward that Clara gave her hand to Elwood. The two brides, moving, to some extent, in the same circle, often met; were of course introduced to each other; and were mutually civil, as etiquette required; but their acquaintance never became intimate, as it had been when they were children, though Clara made, at various times, advances to that end. For as Julia's social position was not above her own, she would have courted her, if Julia had allowed it.

Failing in this, Clara endeavored to become her rival, and by costly entertainments to eclipse her. But neither in this did she succeed. The circumstances of Manderson did not allow him to waste money on such showy feasts, and his taste as well as that of Julia was opposed to them: but the receptions they gave were so refined, select, and intellectual, that it soon came to be considered proof of the highest social position to be invited to them. When, in the second winter of their marriage, Julia accompanied her husband to Washington, Mrs. Elwood followed, hoping there to renew the struggle with some better chance of success. But she failed in the capital of the nation even more completely than she had failed in Philadelphia. The merely fashionable Clara, whom some grave Senators even dared to call silly, the wife of a mere billiard-playing, betting spendthrift, sank into insignificance, even with all her ostentation of wealth, alongside of the brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Manderson, whom everybody of mark courted, not less for herself, than on account of her husband, "the most rising young man," as the President said, "then in the House."

A career like that run by Clara and her husband never lasts long. Mr. Elwood had already become embarrassed, when a great monetary crisis came on, and, finding him engaged in certain speculations, undertaken to relieve himself, ruined him completely. In a last desperate effort to recover Clara's fortune, he forged to an immense amount on her father; was detected; and blew out his brains. The old miser, tormented between the disgrace of his child, and anxiety lest he might lose by some speculations into which he had been led by his son-in-law, took sick himself, on hearing the news, and never rose from his bed. Clara did not long survive him. She died in giving birth to a posthumous child, the heir of broken fortunes and a ruined name. Mrs. Elwood sank also under this complication of sorrows, surviving her daughter-in-law scarcely six months. But Mrs. Rawson,

unimpressible to the last, weathered all, only saying that it was "very hard she had so much trouble, when some people had none."

Manderson and Julia took Gertrude home, as well as her little, helpless nephew. To repair their shattered fortunes was Manderson's care, and he succeeded, finally, in saving something from the wreck. Thus did Julia's indignant words, addressed to the miser on that memorable winter day, come substantially true; for his children, if not himself, became comparatively penniless, and were at her mercy. But they found at her hands charity and love, which neither she, nor her father, had found at his.

Who can paint the lily? Who can gild refined gold? We will not attempt, therefore, to describe the happiness of Julia and Manderson in their

married state. She is to him a "helpmate" in the widest sense of that good old Saxon word: and he is to her the loving husband, counsellor, and friend, though to all the world else, the great statesman.

"What would I have been without you?" he often says. "A mere drone in fashionable society! It was love for you, dearest, that roused up all that was good and strong in me."

"Nay! Charles," she replies. "I was but the instrument: it was God that worked through me."

"And is not every true woman," he invariably answers, "the angel to some one man?"

He was right. It is that which is woman's mission, and what a glorious one too!

THE HUSBAND'S SISTER.

BY MRS. ANNIE BENDRICK.

"I DECLARE it is too bad," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, as she entered her neat parlor on the last morning of her mother's visit.

"What is too bad?" said Mrs. Allan, looking up from the beautiful child of fifteen months, whose first irregular steps she was attempting to guide.

"Why Maria, Robert's youngest sister, you know, has sent word that she will spend the afternoon with us; and she knows that you are to leave to-morrow—and your visit has been so short, too."

"But she probably comes out of respect to me as your mother," said Mrs. Allan, in a soothing tone; "you recollect she was detained at home when her sister was here."

"Yes, but if she had the quick perceptions she would have others believe her to possess, she would know that the most delicate mark of respect would be, to leave us without the presence of a stranger. But she always spoils my pleasure in some way, so I must submit to it, I suppose, with as good a grace as possible."

"You speak strangely, my daughter," said Mrs. Allan, "I hope we shall spend an agreeable afternoon if she is here."

"No, mother, that is impossible; I am never happy when I breathe the same air with her."

"I am afraid you have allowed yourself to become prejudiced against her; I have always thought her a rather agreeable girl."

"Very likely, and so I thought before my marriage," replied Mrs. Hastings, "but since I have been in the family and have seen how utterly selfish she is, her manners are more repulsive to me than those of the most forbidding person I ever met; she is a great talker, and always manages to drag herself in, whatever the subject may be, telling of some benefit she conferred here, or some sacrifice she made there, till you would almost wonder how society moved along where she was not. She has been out of health for some time, and I have no doubt suffers much, but I think that is no excuse for exacting quite as much attention as she does; she expects her sister, who is nearly as delicate as she is, to wait upon her at any hour of the day or night—even when she requires rest and care herself—and yet Maria never seems to bestow a thought

upon the trouble she is making; and then if everything is not done in accordance with her wishes, she will go pouting for days without speaking or scarcely eating unless coaxed—oh, mother, you don't know what a trial she is to me."

Mrs. Allan was silent a few minutes before she replied, and then it was with great seriousness—

"Yes, Ellen, I know too well the unhappiness a husband's relatives can create if their nature does not assimilate with your own; and I know too that these feelings can be measurably overcome and turned into a better channel. Your father had a sister, who I should think might be the exact counterpart of this one who disturbs your peace, and she embittered the early years of my married life too much for me ever to forget the suffering I endured——"

Mrs. Allan was interrupted by the call of "da" ma, "da" ma, from the little girl at her feet, who had till now played contentedly on the carpet, but becoming tired of her toys, climbed to her grandmother's knee and reached up her tiny hands to attract attention.

Mrs. Hastings took her up, and as she folded her in a loving embrace, remarked,

"I dislike Maria so much that I cannot even bear to have her touch Lillie; my flesh shrinks back when she caresses her on my lap. Indeed a stranger to see us together, might fairly suppose that I was only the hired nurse and she the lady mother—so soothingly will she attempt to still her cries, even when the child is in my arms, or endeavor to enforce obedience if she is wilful, as though her authority was entirely paramount to mine. I fear her influence as Lillie grows up, and the more as the child seems fond of her."

"Then there must be some good in her," said the elder lady, "children, you know, are instinctive judges of character."

"Perhaps not of general character," returned Mrs. Hastings, "though they certainly are very quick at distinguishing those who are likely to prove their friends. But of course there are some good qualities in Maria. Indeed it has never been my misfortune to meet with a person who had not some redeeming traits. She has always been very kind to me in sickness, and

during our late pecuniary difficulties she showed much generosity, and that with more delicacy than is usual with her; for her kindness is too apt to become intrusion, and her generosity ostentation."

"I hope my daughter does not allow herself to be blinded by her feelings," said Mrs. Allan, earnestly, "and consider that intrusion which is prompted by a good motive—one who is kind in sickness deserves our gratitude, however disagreeable they may otherwise be to us."

"I mean to do her justice as regards myself," said Mrs. Hastings, in reply, "and I do feel grateful for her kindness to me, but that does not prevent my feeling indignant when I see her let her own sister really suffer for the attentions she so readily bestows upon a stranger. But when I am in health she is far too ready in proffering assistance without considering whether it is needed or even desired; when she is here she seems to wish me to give up everything into her hands and lounge in the rocking-chair myself, and as I prefer to be mistress rather than guest in my own house, I cannot but feel annoyed by such a course."

"I do not doubt it—but as it seems to me that it arises from a want of a just sense of propriety rather than a bad intention, I wish you could overlook it and show her that her real kindness is justly appreciated."

"Indeed, mother, I feel an obligation toward her too heavy to rest very easily under it; and I, therefore, try to repay not for act, but where the heart is as little in it as mine is, acts are of little worth; she is very sensitive, and cannot fail to perceive my feelings toward her, at least in a measure, for I cannot talk to her with any ease, the words seem to freeze in my throat, and their chilling influence apparently effects even her propensity to talk, for when we are left alone together—which I always take especial pains to avoid if possible—there will be an almost total silence. Then too I cannot look with a clear, full glance into her face, as I always wish to when conversing with any one."

"Does Robert know how much you dislike her?"

"Not fully, I think, though he himself told me soon after we were married, that she possessed a very unhappy disposition; there was a prospect at that time of her living with us, and I suppose he thought it would shock me less to have some previous knowledge of the fact; but no man, unless in the intimacy of married life, can know the curse of such a disposition."

"Can it be, my daughter, that you feel so bitterly?" said Mrs. Allan, sadly, "you who have always been so mild too."

"I know that others have thought me mild and amiable, and I have always thought myself so till now," returned Mrs. Hastings, not without a corresponding sadness in her own voice, "but Maria seems to be my evil genius to develop the worst passions of my nature."

"Say rather, my dear Ellen, that it is a sore trial, but wisely sent by the Disposer of all human events, to reveal the secret iniquity of your own heart. If we fail to gather a lesson from the imperfections of others, by which to correct some corresponding one of our own, so surely will our faults strengthen till they deform the character as effectually as those you see so plainly in poor Maria."

"But, my dear mother, I hope you don't see those faults in me that I have been telling you of in her. I should want to fly from myself if I thought so. I know that I have many, and they occasion me much painful thought, but I should be sorry to number those in the list."

"Still they develop new ones in you, and I would have you watch and crush them in the bud—it is what you cannot do, however, with your own unassisted strength; have you ever made this a subject of prayer?"

"Not of especial prayer," replied Mrs. Hastings, in a low tone, and with less excitement in her voice than had hitherto been apparent.

"But this is a peculiar trial, and as such needs special strength—it has already fretted your temper a good deal, and if not overcome will produce a habit of irritability which will not only materially diminish your own happiness, but be the source of much misery to your family, for you know that as your face is clothed in sunshine or in darkness, so will be the reflection in the little world of which you are the centre. Go then to him, my daughter, who 'giveth liberally' to those who ask, and be assured you will be strengthened in conquering this temptation."

Whilst Mrs. Hastings was busily engaged in her household duties the remainder of the morning, her mind earnestly pursued the train of thought that had been started by her mother at the close of their conversation; the subject had been presented in a different point of view from any in which she had ever regarded it, and she felt troubled at the reflection that such evil passions had been allowed to flourish unheeded in her heart like weeds in a neglected garden, while she had been so prompt to detect the failings of another; and for the first time she deeply felt the necessity of "plucking the beam out of her own eye," before she could even "see clearly" the imperfections of those around her; and notwithstanding her numerous engagements she

found time, in the retirement of her own room, to seek for wisdom and guidance from that divine source which promises strength equal to our day.

Meanwhile the time flew rapidly along till the dreaded visitor arrived—she came at an early hour, all smiles and graciousness for the ladies, and caresses for little Lillie. Mrs. Hastings met her with serious cheerfulness, this time, the result of the late conversation.

Maria was not in reality a loveable person, although she frequently made a favorable impression upon those who were not close observers, or who only saw her occasionally and for a short time. She belonged to that large class who consider it necessary in order to recommend themselves to favor to talk almost constantly, while inordinate vanity led her to occupy the most prominent position in every conversation in which she engaged. Then too she had the disagreeable habit of anticipating what was about to be said, taking, so to speak, the words out of a person's mouth, frequently mutilating the idea that would have been expressed, if not substituting an entire new one in its place.

The unwonted kindness of Mrs. Hastings' reception gave Maria, on this occasion, such an unusual flow of spirits as to exhibit some of her characteristics in a marked light; but when Mrs. Allan turned to her daughter to note the effect upon her, she saw that the weary recital of personal history upon which Maria had launched, was listened to with a strong effort to appear interested.

Shortly afterward, during the transient call of an acquaintance, when Maria expressed sentiments in direct opposition to what she had advanced in the previous part of the afternoon, when the same subject had been conversed upon, and that without appearing in the least conscious of her inconsistency, the scornful look that curled Mrs. Hastings' lip for a moment was changed to one of humility, as the feeling in her heart was discovered and instantly subdued. The whole afternoon was in fact a series of trials that she found it difficult entirely to overcome, but she was firmly resolved upon self-control, and the exertions she made were consequently well rewarded by an approving conscience.

When her husband came in to tea, the smile of welcome with which she met him was mingled perhaps with a sense of relief, but her eyes wore a serener light than if she had as usual given way to her natural dislike toward his sister. The disagreeable guest left early in the evening, and the remainder was spent by Mrs. Allan and her children in converse, pleasant, though tinged with sadness, such as those only know whose hearts are knit together in strong affection, and who feel upon their spirits the shadow of an approaching separation.

It was only when the mother was taking her leave on the following morning, that she found an opportunity to whisper in her daughter's ear, "you have nobly commenced, my dear Ellen, but watch and pray lest you enter into temptation."

Nearly a year after Mrs. Allan's return home, Mrs. Hastings wrote to her thus:

"You ask me how I succeed in conquering my dislike to Maria. I am glad you have not inquired earlier, for now, after a severe struggle of many months, I feel that a degree of success has rewarded my efforts. It was only by glancing into my own heart, and fixing an earnest gaze upon the many evil thoughts and feelings that stirred its depths, that I was enabled to put in practice that 'charity which covers a multitude of sins.' My nature rebelled, calling it hypocrisy to appear even tolerant of those traits of character which in themselves were so unlovely, and whispered that my standard of excellence would be materially lowered by treating the person who indulged them with any cordiality. But I find the reverse to be the case, for the more I strive to place her virtues foremost and forget her faults, so much greater watchfulness do I exercise toward myself, and I hope it may thereby purify my character from many imperfections which I entirely overlooked while capriciously picking flaws in another. I cannot easily forget what I owe to you, my dear mother, for turning my mind from the contemplation of her faults to my own. I feel, however, that only a commencement has as yet been made, and I need both 'faith and patience' to persevere while the trial remains. Pray for me, mother, that both may be given."

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

BY A. H. BOWEN.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city—balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the carnival masked balls are given here. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. On entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contre-danse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music created a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

The Polonaise, as danced in Berlin, is much more stirring and varying than what is tripped in England under that name! In one of the manœuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much

harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle; and as a tall young man dressed in black caught her handkerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betokened some agonizing horror. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased. A general rush took place toward the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as the prince royal, and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and the preparations were in a moment completed. It was with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times, "I saw her! I saw her!" He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a coach the moment he was

able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

On our return to the saloon, we found the masked lady who appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. The intensity of the feeling that had been raised now seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned to the pursuits of the evening. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms:—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighborhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction, that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, the graces of whose person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of

their hearts; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. Their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the young of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as linking their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the lady's father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker required more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colors. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labor he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme.* The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a

* In Germany a betrothment precedes the marriage, and is almost as ceremonious as the nuptials themselves.

fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed forever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emotion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself

was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She, therefore, adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

It was past midnight, yet the young lord of Craigholme still sat in his chamber, nor thought of repose. A letter lying open on the table before him, and which he frequently picked up, gazed tenderly at, and reread, might, perhaps, account for this wakefulness; for it was from the Lady Edith Mountjoy, his betrothed bride, who had been absent with her parents in Italy, for many a year, but who now wrote to announce their speedy return. "We are coming by way of the Alps, Strasbourg, and Paris," it said, "and I rely on your meeting us at the latter place. Much as I know your tenantry require your personal aid and oversight, and heartily as I join in your plans of reform, I think you can surely spare a fortnight."

It was partly the decision of this question, partly the joy of knowing the Lady Edith would soon return, which had driven sleep from Craigholme's pillow. He was an Irish proprietor of rank, who, on coming into property and title, had resolved to do all he could to ameliorate the condition of his tenants, most of them lineal descendants of the ancient clan of which his ancestors had been the chiefs. To this purpose he had steadily adhered. The result had been that thrift, good agriculture and plenty, had succeeded to waste, poor tillage and penury. The Lady Edith, whom he had met, and to whom he had become engaged, during one of his few necessary absences in London, entered enthusiastically into his plans; and did not make a remonstrance, or even breathe an audible sigh, when, on her mother's health requiring a winter in Italy, he had plead duty as his reason for not accompanying her, as her parents desired. On the present occasion, his personal inspection was indispensable to some changes going on, and again duty stepped in to prevent his gratifying the wishes of the Mountjoys.

"It cannot be," he said, at last. "I will write to Edith to-night: and when she knows the reason, I know she will forgive me." But he did not arrive at this conclusion without a sigh; and, as if for relief, he rose and walked to the window, before commencing his letter.

Craigholme Castle stood on the landward slope of a hill, close to the rocky coast, and with the broad Atlantic stretching away, apparently illimi-

tably, in the distance. The house was partially sheltered from the gales that so often swept the ocean; but one wing of it, in order to command a view of the sea, was more exposed. In this wing Craigholme himself had his apartments, for he loved the sight of the great deep, alike in tempest and in calm.

On the present occasion the wind blew and howled around the wing, as if angry spirits were raging for the mastery. The casements shook, bricks were heard clattering to the earth, and the thunder of the surf on the iron-bound coast shook the whole house. Dark clouds almost entirely obscured the firmament, though the moon occasionally broke through for a moment, throwing a ghastly light on the white breakers, and on the square tower of the former, but now ruined, castle, which stood like a sullen sentinel, keeping watch on a rock that directly overhung the deep.

"What a hurricane it has been," said the young lord. "God help the sailors, if there are any, to-night, on this lee shore! But hark! what was that?" For, as if in answer to his pious exclamation, a gun boomed, at that instant, solemnly and slow, across the waste of darkness. Again and again the sound was heard. At the third repetition, Craigholme, exclaiming, "it is a ship in distress," left his room, and hurried toward the beach.

The wind, on his emerging into the open air, blew so that he could scarcely stand; but resolutely facing it, he made his way to the little landing place. This was a comparatively sheltered spot embayed between the high headlands, on one of which Craigholme castle stood: and it was the only spot where, at any time, a debarkation could be effected in safety. As he had partially hoped, the young lord found most of the village fishermen already collected, listening to the signal guns, and endeavoring, through the gloom, to see where the ill-fated ship was.

"Can't you make her out, Pat, my boy?" said Craigholme, to a bold young fisherman of about his own age.

"Not yet, my lord," was the answer, "its as thick as a stone wall, you persave."

At that instant the moon struggled into sight, and for a while sailed majestically on, calm and

beautifully as on the stillest summer evening, when smiling down on lovers walking beneath hawthorn hedges. By the aid of the temporary light, thus poured on the black waters, a fore-top-sail schooner was seen in the very act of striking on a ledge of rocks, known along the whole coast, for their fatal character, as the Crags of Death. The instant after, the moon was again obscured; and the vessel disappeared from sight: but a cry of agony, it seemed to the excited listeners, reached them even over the uproar of of the gale.

"Who will venture out?" said the young lord, after a short, but terrible silence. "The schooner can't hold together long, and what is done must be done quickly."

There was no answer for a while. At last one of the oldest fishermen, seeing that no one else replied, spoke for the rest. "It would be tempting heaven, my lord: no boat could hope to reach them in such a sea."

"I don't know, O'Connor," returned Craigholme. "But, whether one can or not, I'm going to make the attempt, if I can get a crew. Do you think my lads, I'll stand here, and see human souls, almost within cable length, perish, without making at least an effort to save them? Who's for the trial? You, Connel, my foster-brother," he said, turning to one who had just come up, "you'll go with me, won't you? I want only single men, like myself and you; and, please God, we'll save that crew, or die in the attempt."

At this heroic behavior, on the part of their young and beloved master, a dozen stalwart fishermen stepped forward; a boat was launched; and the picked crew was preparing to start, when the priest appeared rushing down to the beach.

"For the love of God," said the holy man, excitedly, crossing himself at the august name, "stop, stop. What are you doing, my lord? Where was your courage, ye cowards," he exclaimed turning half angrily to the fishermen, "that ye held back till he offered to go himself? Indeed, my lord," he continued, addressing Craigholme again, "you must come back, and let these children go alone. Your life is too precious to be risked. Think," he added, drawing close to the young man, and holding him back from the boat, "think of the Lady Edith."

Though of different faiths, Craigholme and the priest had a warm esteem and even affection for each other, the result of mutual co-operation in many a scheme of Christian charity. The father regarded the young lord almost as his own child; and the latter looked up with something of a son's deference to the former. He hesitated, therefore,

at this expostulation. But, with the Lady Edith's name this hesitation passed away.

"My father," he said, "you make my path of duty clear. If I were to hold back now, I should know it was a selfish motive that prompted me; and was the crew of the wreck to be lost, I should feel as if, in part, accountable for their deaths. No, not a word more; I am resolved. Your blessing before we go, however."

He bared his head and knelt, the spectators all following his example. The aged priest, raising his hands, blessed him in a faltering voice. Oh! would that there were more such instances, where men, differing in faiths, unite in doing God's work of mercy and succor.

The blessing over, the volunteers took their seats; the oars fell; and the boat shot out into the raging sea. The moon had now reappeared, and the schooner was distinctly visible on the rocks, though both masts were gone, and the waves were boiling around her at such a rate, that the fishermen expected momentarily to see her go to pieces. With intense anxiety they watched the boat slowly struggling seaward. Now the light toy, for it seemed no more comparatively, rose on the wave, and now sunk wholly out of sight, nor did it appear, even to the most brave-hearted, that it was possible for her to achieve her errand. Every little while, some huge roller, twice as gigantic as even the enormous billows which had preceded it, was seen coming down toward the frail boat, mounting higher, and higher, and higher above it, as if first to overtop and then bury the venturesome adventurers; but, at such times, it fairly made the spectators cheer, to see how steadily the crew pulled, and with what eye and nerve the young lord steered up the wall, as it were, of waters. Suddenly, as the anxious crowd gazed, the crest of the wave was reached; the boat hung suspended for a second, her stern high in air; and, then with a rush, as if an abyss had opened before her, down she went, disappearing from sight. How every breath was held, after that, till she emerged again to sight, breasting a new wave, but only to vanish again, on surmounting it, and bring back a return of suspense. For half an hour nearly the excited group at the landing waited the end of this heroic strife, often losing sight entirely of the boat when the moon became obscured.

Torches had, meantime, been brought, and their lurid glare, lighting up the black rocks, the foaming surf, the bits of wreck coming ashore, and the grim tower in the back-ground, made the scene picturesque even to horror. Added to this was the unceasing roar of the breakers, like

ten thousand batteries, and the howl of the gale, which sometimes rose even above this tremendous thunder.

"God help him, God have pity on them," said the priest, unconsciously giving expression to his thoughts, "I can't see them any more, they must be lost."

The moon had, that instant, come forth again; and, as the priest said, no boat was in sight. But one of the fishermen, celebrated for his keen sight, hastened to say that, just as the moon emerged, he thought he had seen the boat disappear behind the Crags of Death.

"I'm not certain. For I saw it, if I saw it all, like the flash of a sea-bird's wing, low on the horizon, gone in a moment. But there's this in its favor. They'll have to go round the Crags, and lie under their lee, to get at the wreck at all. If the crew of the schooner have managed to get to the rock, Craigholme will bring 'em back, that is if he hasn't gone down. All we can do is to wait for the next half hour, and pray the Lord to have mercy on 'em all."

But how long that half hour seemed! Often the old priest looked at his watch, to be assured that the specified time had not expired, and thus to recall the hope that had almost died out. At last the full period had passed. Still no boat appeared. Five minutes, ten minutes elapsed, and now the most sanguine began to despair. The wreck, within the last few moments, had gone bodily to pieces, and the waters were churning white over the spot where it had struck. Even the Crags, though not yet quite covered with the rising tide, were hidden from view by the driving spray that hung continually, like a thick mist, above them.

"They are lost," said the priest at last, in a broken voice, "they who would have saved, as well as they who were in peril first. God have mercy on their souls." And tears chased each other down his aged cheeks.

But, at that instant, the keen-sighted fisherman, who had never taken his eyes from the spot where the boat had disappeared, broke forth rapturously, "I see them, I see them, the boat is full, they are coming back, hurrah, hurrah!" And he too, overcome, though in a different way, shed tears, waving his cap frantically around his head.

Every eye was fixed immediately on the spot to which he pointed. The clouds were now rapidly dissipating, and the moon shone with undimmed splendor, so that even those with the weakest sight could discern the boat. On she came, her bow pointed directly toward the landing, riding the surges as buoyantly as a wild-

duck itself. As she drew nearer, a white dress was seen among her crowded freight, proving that one female at least had been saved; and, on beholding this, the prayers of the spectators, and their anxiety, for the safe return of the adventurers, grew, if possible, more ardent than ever. Oh! how intensely the little crowd watched the struggle, which, for nearly half an hour, the light craft maintained against the angry billows, which waved around it, as if determined not to be cheated of their prey.

At last the boat shot into the comparatively smooth space in front of the landing; and the moment after, was disembarking her living freight. Two females were borne ashore, one in the arms of Craigholme himself, the other by a military-looking man, with grey hair, but still in the prime of his strength.

"Run to the castle, for life and death," were the young lord's words, "and have chambers prepared for these ladies. My good father," he added quickly, in a whisper, as he caught the eye of the priest, "only think of God's mercy, in instigating me to go out to that wreck. The schooner was a yacht, lent to my Lord Mountjoy, to bring him home, which induced him to change his plan of returning by the Rhine. They would have been lost, Edith and all, if I had not gone out. See that my lord and lady, the last of whom like Edith is senseless almost from exhaustion, are brought up to the castle; and have Dr. Morgan sent for immediately."

As he spoke these words, Craigholme had hurried on, the priest following by his side, and the fair burden in his arms lying so still that he might have thought her dead, but for the almost imperceptible pressure, with which, from time to time, she clasped his neck. He knew that the castle was the nearest place where any comforts could be found for the drenched and almost dead females, and therefore he was hurrying forward, without pause, to that destination, the emergency of the case giving him strength to carry the Lady Edith as if she had been but a child. The other rescued persons followed after, or were borne along by eager volunteers; while four or five of the fleetest villagers darted onward to announce their approach.

Three days from that memorable night, a carriage and four bore away the now recovered lord and countess of Mountjoy, with their fair daughter. Three months subsequently, a carriage and four, decked with white favors, drove into the castle gates, amid the ringing of the village bells, and the shouts of the villagers, while a procession of young girls, dressed in white, waited in front of the hall door to

strew flowers before their young mistress as she alighted. And such was the second welcome of the Lady Edith to her future house.

“Ah! never,” she said, as she turned to her husband, “would I have entered here, either as rescued from shipwreck or as happy bride, if you, dearest, had not placed duty before even

me, on that terrible night. God enable me to be worthy of you.”

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, which her young bridegroom kissed tenderly away, saying, “God strengthen us both, my love, always, and under all temptations, to do our duty, for therein lies the true path to happiness.

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